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PRESENTED

LEGE







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## THE "EMDEN"

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KAPITÄNLEUTNANT VON MÜCKE

# *The* "EMDEN"

BY  
KAPITÄNLEUTNANT  
HELLMUTH VON MÜCKE  
TRANSLATED BY HELENE S. WHITE



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## FOREWORD

As Kapitänleutnant von Mücke witnessed the "Emden's" final battle from a distance only, we have no detailed account of the gallant cruiser's last fight. We do know, however, from statements made by survivors, that, owing to a lack of ammunition and the crippling of her steering gear, the "Emden" was finally placed at the mercy of her foe. She was then run aground on the reefs of North Keeling Island at so tremendous a speed that the man at the wheel was instantly killed by the terrific impact. To the enemy's signal, calling for surrender, the customary reply could not be given, as the long continued battle had left but three able-bodied sea-



men, charged with this duty, to fulfil it. Hereupon the British cruiser fired two more broadsides into the stranded ship.

Finally, at the order of the "Emden's" Commander, some of the survivors ran up something white. Before the ship was surrendered, the German flag was torn into shreds and cast into the sea.

More than two years later the English succeeded in salving the "Emden," and she is now to fight for the enemy she once pursued.

It was from Tsingtao, the charming home port of the German East Asiatic squadron, that the "Emden" sailed forth upon her last cruise. The Germans, regarded this port as the symbol of the open door, and of the equal right of all nations to enter the markets of the far East. In its loss they recognize the fulfilment of the persistent but covert English purpose to deny to Germany all overseas

expansion beyond the limit of English tolerance.

Individually and as a nation the Germans have accepted the challenge. As masters of their destiny and as a liberty loving people they are, of course, vastly more interested in the overthrow of England's latent sovereignty of the world than in England's political creed. The object of the German desire is to obtain habitable colonial territory where an overflowing population may live and remain German instead of feeding other nations with German blood. This is pointed out, as otherwise certain passages in the first chapter might seem strangely out of place in this story of heroic adventures.

At the author's request the title he bears as an officer in the Imperial German navy is retained in the translation. In doing his part for his country's defence, he evidently agrees with Goethe:

"The riding heroes on solid land  
Of greatest moment now may be —  
If I but had the full command,  
On Neptune's horse I'd skim the sea!"

THEODOR J. RITTER

Boston, Mass.

March, 1917.

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I  
*OUR FIRST PRIZE*

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# THE "EMDEN"

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## CHAPTER I *OUR FIRST PRIZE*

"ALL hands aft," shrilled the whistles of the boatswain's mate through all the ship's decks. Quickly all the officers and crew assembled on the after deck. Everyone knew what it was for.

It was at two o'clock on the afternoon of the second day of August, 1914, while our ship lay far out in the Yellow Sea, that Captain von Mueller appeared on the poop, holding in his hand a slip of paper such as is used for messages by wireless. In eager expectancy three hun-



dred pairs of eyes were fixed upon the lips of our Commander as he began to speak.

"The following wireless message has just been received from Tsingtao: 'On August first, his Majesty, the Emperor, ordered the mobilization of the entire land and naval forces of the Empire. Russian troops have crossed the border into Germany. As a consequence, the Empire is at war with Russia and with France.

"And so, what we have expected for years has come about. Before war had been declared, hostile hordes have violated German territory.

"For forty-four years the German sword has not been drawn from its scabbard, although during this time there has been more than one occasion when it might have been unsheathed for conquest. But never have conquests by violence been the

objects of German ambition. In peaceable competition, by diligence and labor, by commercial and industrial efficiency, by high intellectual and educational attainment, by honesty and reliability the German people have secured for themselves a place of honor among the nations. To-day the German Empire is an object of envy to those who failed to accomplish as much. Being convinced of their own inability by peaceable methods to compete successfully with the nation that outranks them in learning and education, in technical and scientific skill, in short, by the advanced state of its civilization and its culture, they now hope to accomplish their purpose by letting loose upon the German people the furies of war, and by an appeal to the sword to gain the end they have failed to obtain by moral and intellectual achievement. It now re-

mains for us to show them that the virile German nation can successfully meet this test of its strength also.

"The victory will be no easy one. For many years our enemies have been preparing for this war. To be, or not to be, that is the question for our nation today. But we shall prove ourselves worthy of our fathers, and of our ancient heritage,—we shall endure to the end, though a world in arms arise against us."

"It is my intention to proceed at once in the direction of Vladivostok. Our first duty is to raid the commerce of the enemy. In so far as can be estimated at present, the French and Russian warships are assembled in greatest strength in the neighborhood of Vladivostok. It is therefore probable that we shall encounter them. In that event, I feel confident that I can rely upon my men."

Three cheers for his Majesty, the Emperor, rang out over the broad surface of the Yellow Sea. Then came the order that sent every man to his post, — “Clear ship for action.”

And so it had come to pass — the war was upon us! The outcry for revenge that has been incessantly raised to the west of us, and that has been especially clamorous ever since Germany ventured to retake with the sword territory which, since time immemorial, had formed a part of the German Empire, but which, at the time of her impotence and disruption, was wrested from her to gratify French lust for conquest — this persistent cry for revenge had at last achieved its purpose. Again the game of war was to be played, and again the leaden dice were to be cast. But this time, not merely for the possession of Elsass-Lothringen, — much more was

to be at stake. As yet, only Russia and France were to be faced. But for years it has been evident that behind these two powers stands another, the enemy of all others, one who for centuries has contrived to spill the warm red blood of other races for the purpose of furthering her own interests, — England! Three decades ago, when the French had dared to cross the English plans for colonization in Africa, they were forced to their knees and deeply humiliated at Fashoda. When England had become alarmed at Russia's progress in the far East, that country's defeat at the hands of Japan, in 1904, was brought about. Ever since these two rivals were thus disposed of, England has directed their attention toward seeking compensation elsewhere for that which English greed for wealth and power denied to them in Asia and in Africa. Humbled

France and defeated Russia must be induced to serve England's purpose to annihilate Germany. In the German Empire, strong in the vigor of youth, England recognized her most dangerous rival. By peaceful methods the English could not hope to compete successfully with German science and technique, with German commercial and industrial efficiency. Inch by inch the Union Jack has given place in the world of commerce to the flag of the Empire. In peaceable competition, England found herself to be no match for Germany. Nor has the venomous slander of the Germans, which British cables have carried all over the world, accomplished the desired end. The English purse is in jeopardy. Therefore the old method must be resorted to again: "Sink, burn, destroy!"

Just how England would achieve her purpose was still uncertain. Would she

continue in her traditional way, and, by entangling others, induce them to fight her battles for her, thus leaving her free to fish in muddy waters? Or would she take a hand in the war herself, for fear the strength of her credulous and infatuated dupes might not prove sufficient, unaided, to accomplish the English purpose? No righteous cause exists for England to take up arms against us. But that has little to do with the matter, as the history of the island nation attests. Lack of a sufficient reason has never deterred England, when a desired end was to be obtained. At such times, the right and the law have ever been matters of supreme indifference to England, nor has she ever failed to find a mantle of hypocritical righteousness with which to clothe her purpose.

Surely, Lord Derby, one of England's ablest statesmen of the nineteenth century,

understood his own people well when he said of them in Parliament: Our conduct with regard to other nations is shameful. We insist upon a strict adherence to international law whenever it is to our advantage to do so; when otherwise, we disregard it utterly. The history of marine law, or, I might say, marine lawlessness, is an indelible witness to the unbridled selfishness and greed of the English people and of their government.

Thus Lord Derby.

There is not a nation on earth that has not suffered the consequences of English selfishness and greed, — Spain, whose flourishing commerce and colonial empire were annihilated by the English sword, and who still must endure her thorn in the flesh, Gibraltar; Holland, whose prosperity was drained by the English vampire, and who has England to thank for the



position of insignificance which has replaced her former greatness; Denmark, whose fleet was attacked and carried off by the English in 1807, at a time when the two countries were absolutely at peace, and Copenhagen bombarded and destroyed by fire before ever there was a thought of war; China, which in 1840 was overrun with war because the Chinese refused to buy opium of the English merchants; Egypt, which England wrested from the Turkish Empire, and whose people now are compelled to get their dearly bought bread from England, to increase that country's tariff receipts, while, at her orders, the land, in this granary of the ancient world, is planted with cotton instead of grain, to the end that England may be independent of America with regard to this product; India, where pestilence and famine-typhus, and an enforced

payment of an annual tribute of one and one half billions are the blessings bestowed by English culture, and against which the crushed and exploited people of India strive in vain; the Boer States, that were coveted and therefore subjugated by England because of their gold and diamond mines; Turkey, upon the dismemberment of which England has long been bent; France, humiliated at Fashoda; Russia, against whom Japan was incited; Portugal, now no more than England's vassal; Italy, to whom territorial expansion in Africa was denied; even America, where England made the attempt to forbid the construction and fortification of the Panama Canal, and where the public is not allowed to learn of world events except through English sources and according to English interpretation. Having lost her political hold on America, England fell back upon

the principle: "Ignorance is the chief factor in intellectual conflicts as it is in physical strife between nations," and forthwith proceeded to take advantage of her cables in order to surround the "free nation" by such an atmosphere of falsehood that today it is impossible for Americans to form an unbiassed opinion, and they can but echo the sentiments of England. With respect to the formation of opinion and judgment, the Americans are in subjection to England intellectually, quite as much as are politically the races that England has subjugated with the sword.

As for English truthfulness, Thomas Carlyle portrays it aptly when he says: Englishmen no longer dare to believe the truth. For two centuries they have been surrounded by falsehood of every kind. They regard the truth as dangerous, and

everywhere we see them striving to modify it by bidding a lie go with it, the two harnessed together. This they term the safe middle path.

And so there is hardly a race on the face of the earth that is not wearing shackles, political or moral, that England's unbounded selfishness and greed have forged. With the German Empire only have England's methods failed. Therefore, France and Russia, together with the regicides of Sarajevo as fitting henchmen and accomplices, were now to be employed to achieve England's purpose for her. Should they prove insufficient, however, then England herself would take a hand. Some plausible excuse for making war upon Germany will be trumped up by England to satisfy her own people and the world in general. Hypocritically righteous reasons for her actions England has never been at a loss

to find. Today the English purpose will hardly be expressed as candidly as it was two hundred years ago when the destruction of Dutch commerce was the object desired. At that time, when the men who wished to make war upon Holland were seeking for a "reason" for doing so, the English admiral exclaimed: "Reasons? Why should we look for reasons? What we want is more of the commerce that the Dutch now control. That is reason enough."

Now it is Germany's turn. As early as 1907, an English publication, "The Saturday Review," said: England's prosperity will never be assured until Germany has been destroyed. Were Germany to be wiped from the face of the earth to-morrow, there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer for it on the day after to-morrow. Nations have fought

for years over territory, or over the right of succession, — why then should they not go to war to secure commerce that is worth so many billions a year to them?

Yes, the English will surely join our enemies, but not until such a time as seems most favorable to them. Whether now, or later, whether by an immediate participation in the war, or not until towards the end, when Germany has been weakened, we cannot tell. But attack us, they surely will. For this is England's war, to which she has been inciting the nations for years past. The last free country is now to feel the onslaught of England's uncurbed selfishness and greed.

"Guns ready!" "Torpedo service ready!"  
"Engines and auxiliary engines ready!"  
"Leak service ready!" "Steering service ready!"  
"Signal and wireless service ready!"

Rapidly, one after the other, the reports from all over the ship were now coming in, and demanded my attention to the exclusion of all further thought and reflection. A quick tour of inspection through the ship assured me that all was in readiness, and I could report to our Commander, "The ship is clear for action."

At a speed of fifteen nautical miles we were proceeding toward the Strait of Tchusima. When darkness came on, the war watch was begun on the "Emden," which is done in the following manner: Half of the men of the crew remain awake and on duty at their posts, — at the guns, at the searchlights and lookouts, in the torpedo room, in the engine and fire rooms, etc., while the others are allowed to go to sleep with their clothes on, and ready, at a moment's notice, to get to their posts. The commander of the ship takes charge

of one of these watches, and the other one is in command of the first officer.

After passing through the Strait of Tchusima, the "Emden" steered northward. There was no moon, and the night was pitch black. It was too dark to see anything even in our immediate vicinity. We were, of course, travelling with all lights screened. Not a ray of light was allowed to escape from the ship, nor the least bit of smoke from her funnels. There was a moderate sea running, and the water was unusually bright with phosphorescence. The water churned up by our screws stretched away behind the ship in a shimmering wake of light green. The waves dashing high up against the bow, and the water tumbling and breaking against the sides, splashed the whole ship with a phosphorescent glitter, and made her appear as though she had been dipped



into molten gold of a greenish hue. Occasionally, there appeared in the water large shining spots of great length, so that a number of times the lookouts reported undersea boats in sight.

At four o'clock in the morning the port war watch, which I commanded, was relieved. The Commander now took charge. The day was just dawning. I had just gone to my cabin, and had lain down to rest, when I was wakened by the shrill call of the alarm bells and the loud noise of many hurrying feet. "Clear ship for action," the order went echoing from room to room. In an instant everyone was at his post. Were we really to be so fortunate as to fall in, on our very first day, with one of the Russian or French ships that had been reported to us as being in the vicinity of Vladivostok?

By the trembling of the ship we could



COMMANDER VON MÜLLER

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tell that the engine had been put on high speed. In the gray of the early morning we sighted, ahead of us and a little to the right, a vessel somewhat larger than our own, which was also travelling with screened lights, and looked like a man of war. Our Commander ordered a course toward her at high speed. Hardly had she seen us when she turned hard about, took the contrary course, and ran away from us, the dense column of smoke rising from her funnels indicating that her engines were working at maximum power. The pursued ship took a course directly toward the Japanese Islands, lying about ten miles distant. A black cloud of smoke streamed behind her, rested on the water, and, for a while, hid her from sight entirely. We could see nothing of her but the mast tops, and so found it impossible to discover the nature of the vessel with which we

were dealing. That she was not a neutral was evident enough from her behavior. Therefore, after her with full speed!

Meanwhile, daylight had come. The signal: "Stop at once!" was flying at our foremast. When this demand was not complied with after a reasonable time, we fired a blind shell, and when this also failed to have the desired effect, we sent a quick reminder in the form of a couple of sharp shots after her. The fleeing ship could no longer hope to reach the neutral waters of Japan. When our shots fell into the water close beside her, she stopped, turned, and set the Russian colors in all her topmasts. So, on the very first night after the war had begun, we had taken our first prize. It was the Russian volunteer steamer "Rjesan." In time of peace she had plied as a passenger steamer between Shanghai and Vladivostok. She was now

to be armed with guns and to serve as an auxiliary cruiser. She was a speedy and very new ship, built in the German ship yards of Schichau.

In the sea that was running, the "Emden" and her prize rolled badly. It was therefore no easy matter to get the cutter, that was to carry the prize crew from the "Emden" to the "Rjesan," into the water. There was danger that it would be pounded to pieces against the sides of the ships. However, everything passed off satisfactorily. In a short time we saw the officer of the prize crew, followed by a number of men, all armed with pistols, climbing up the gangway ladder. The Russian flag was hauled down, and in its place the German colors were run up.

As the steamer was one that could serve our own purposes excellently well — she could be transformed into a very good

German auxiliary cruiser — our Commander decided not to destroy her, but instead to take her to Tsingtao. At a speed of fifteen miles we made our way southward. Behind us, in our wake, followed the "Rjesan." A commanding officer with a prize crew of twelve men remained aboard of her, to make certain that the service of the ship and the engines, etc., would be according to our wishes.

Twice the Russian captain of the "Rjesan" made a vehement protest against the capture of his ship, saying that she was a peaceable merchantman, that to seize her was an unprecedented violation of law, and that he could not understand it at all. However, when we asked him why, if that was the case, he had tried to run away from us, he had nothing more to say. His knowledge of maritime law was evidently nothing to boast of. Our Com-

mander sent him word that his case would be decided at Tsingtao, whither we were going.

The "Emden" did not, however, steer the most direct course to Tsingtao. Hardly had the Russian captain of our prize observed this, when he protested afresh, demanding to be taken to port by the shortest route. The reason for this was, of course, his apprehension that, on the course we were following, we would be likely to meet other Russian ships that were in the vicinity. And, it must be admitted, this *was* our intention. To be sure, we had no information with regard to the course that the Russian ships were taking, but, judging from the violent remonstrances of the captain, we concluded that there was good prospect that we should come up with one or two of them before long. Much to our regret, however,



not one came in sight. Naturally, no regard was given to the captain's protests, and our Commander sent him word informing him that the "Emden's" course was no concern of his, and reminding him of what are the usual consequences of insubordination on board ship. After that, we heard nothing more from our Russian friend. He probably consoled himself after his own fashion.

From the newspapers, we had learned that the main body of the French fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers "Montcalm" and "Dupleix," besides a number of torpedo boat destroyers, was lying somewhere off Vladivostok. With these ships the "Emden" must not be allowed to come in contact by daylight. As we were rounding the southern extremity of Corea, the lookout in the top suddenly sang out, "Seven smoke clouds in sight astern!"

To make quite sure of it, the Commander sent me aloft. I, too, could distinctly see seven separate columns of smoke, together with the upper structure of a small vessel, the one nearest to us, just above the horizon. Upon hearing my report, the Commander gave orders to change our course. We swept a wide circle, and so avoided the enemy. Without meeting with hindrance of any kind, we arrived at Tsingtao.

On the way we caught up an interesting wireless message. The Reuter Agency, so celebrated for its rigid adherence to facts, was sending a telegram abroad, informing the credulous world that the "Emden" had been sunk. How many sympathetic people must have shuddered as they read, — and so did we, of course!

During the following night, our prize occasioned us some further trouble. Nat-

urally, her lights, as well as our own, had to be screened. It was a much easier matter to give orders to that effect, however, than to see to it that they were carried out. On the steamer were several women passengers, who, from the outset, were filled with mortal terror as to what the barbarous Germans would do with them. Most of them were fat Russian Jewesses. Every few minutes they would turn on the electric lights in their cabins, so that finally there was nothing left for the officer of the prize crew to do but to have the electric light cable in the engine capped. Then they managed to find lights elsewhere, but this also could not, of course, be tolerated.

Upon our arrival at Tsingtao, the "Rjesan" was overhauled. The ship was an entirely new one, and so had not been in the hands of the Russians long enough to

give them opportunity to spoil the engine which was of first-class German workmanship. Our prize could still run at a speed of seventeen nautical miles. So she was equipped with guns, was manned by a German crew, and continued her career as the German auxiliary cruiser "Cormoran."

At Tsingtao preparations for war were in full swing. The harbor had been mined, the forts all along the water front had been manned, and vigorous work was under way in the harbor itself. In the moles lay a large number of German steamers. Some of them were being fitted up as auxiliary cruisers, while others were being loaded with coal in order to serve our squadron as coal tenders. Our Commander found orders awaiting him from the Admiral of our squadron, Count von Spee, who, with the armored cruisers, "Scharnhorst" and

"Gneisenau," and the small cruiser, "Nürnberg," was in the South Pacific, steering northward. The "Emden's" orders were to join this squadron at a stated point of meeting in the South Pacific.

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II  
*SOUTHWARD BOUND*

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## CHAPTER II

### *SOUTHWARD BOUND*

ABOARD our ship there was much to be done, and it kept us busy throughout that day and the following night. Coal had to be taken on to the limit of our capacity, and as many supplies as possible of all kinds stored away on board. The ship's personnel had to be supplemented, and other final preparations for war made. At sunrise on the following day the "Emden" left Tsingtao in the company of a large number of German ships, all bound for the south, where they were to join the Admiral's squadron.

In the harbor unbounded enthusiasm reigned. Everyone ashore was envious of us. If the war was to be with France and Russia only, Tsingtao could hardly be



expected to take any part in it. For the fortress itself, no concern whatever was felt, as, from the ocean side, it was protected by good and sufficient defences that would make a seizure by war ships impossible. To be sure, the land defences, in so far as they were such at all, consisted of very small and modest earthworks, sufficient only to serve as protection against an assault by infantry. But an attack from the land side was not to be expected, as Tsingtao was entirely surrounded by neutral Chinese territory.

With fair weather and a smooth sea the "Emden" slipped out of the harbor moles. Our band played "The Watch on the Rhine." The entire crew was on deck, singing as the band played. Cheers rang from ship to shore, and back again. Everyone was confident and in high spirits. In a small way it was a repetition of the

scenes which, on a grand scale, manifested the nation's devotion to country in Germany when it was learned that war was inevitable.

Cautiously the "Emden" made her way between the mines which barred the entrance to the harbor. The sun had just risen. Behind us lay Tsingtao, the gem of the far East, brightened by the golden-red beams of the young day — a picture of peace. Along the shore could be seen the long line of neat and tastily built houses, the whole scene dominated by the height on which stood the signal tower. In the background rose the brown hills, their sombre color relieved by the fresh green of the young trees with which they had been planted. From out the delicately pink mist of the early morning rose the church steeple bearing the cross aloft. Farther to the right were to be seen the

trim, well-kept barracks, the government buildings, and the bathing beach, — the whole picture rimmed by the white line of the surf that broke upon the rocky shore with the incessant rising and falling of the sea. Glittering diamonds and pearls were strewn with a lavish hand by old Neptune on the hem of earth's fair garment. Nature's charm and German industry had combined to produce a picture of bewitching beauty in the midst of this otherwise forbidding and rugged region. As we gazed, there was not one of us who was not conscious of a strange tugging at his heart. But duty called with an imperative voice. Therefore, farewell to the fair scene we were leaving behind us! For us, it was, "Onward, to the South!"

We were accompanied by the "Markomannia," the other ships taking different courses. The "Markomannia" remained

our faithful companion for a number of months.

On our way to the South Pacific we learned, by wireless, of the rupture in the relations between Germany and England, and of the latter's declaration of war. It was not unexpected by us, and if we were surprised at all, it was that this wirepuller among the nations, who had so often plunged the others into misery, was now actually going to risk her own bones in serious conflict, for the first time in a hundred years. A few days later we learned of Japan's remarkable ultimatum, without its causing us any special anxiety. It might as well all be done up at one and the same time, was the general feeling among us.

When the "Emden" left Tsingtao, England and Japan had as yet not declared war against Germany. Nevertheless, soon

afterward, we read in some English newspapers that our "escape" from Tsingtao had been made possible only by the fact that we flew the English flag while passing a blockading Japanese cruiser, and that we greeted this quasi brother-in-arms with three cheers.

We wondered whether this report might have had its origin in the circumstance that English and Japanese cruisers had already been ordered to Tsingtao, before ever a declaration of war had been made.

In any case, the story is absurd. For, aside from the fact that under no condition would we have dishonored our brave ship by flying the English flag, we would never have passed the Japanese cruiser without sending her a torpedo as a greeting.

'Tis strange how the practice of systematic and continued misrepresentation warps the judgment.

On the twelfth of August, in the evening, we had reached the vicinity of the island where we were to join our cruiser squadron, and soon we fell in with some of the ships that were serving as outposts. As we approached the group of assembled war ships, we saw the stanch cruisers "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" lying in the midst of them, each with a coal tender alongside, and engaged in coaling. To the left lay the slender "Nürnberg," also busy with taking on coal. Distributed about the bay, many larger and smaller auxiliary ships and tenders of the squadron could be seen. The "Emden" was ordered to an anchorage close beside the flagship, in the right-hand half of the bay. Rousing cheers were sent from deck to deck, as we passed by the other ships, and soon our anchor rattled seaward, and to the bottom,—it was to be the last time for many a long day.

Our Commander went aboard the flagship to report to the Admiral of the squadron, and to submit to him the proposal that the "Emden" be detached from the squadron, and be sent to the Indian Ocean, to raid the enemy's commerce.

On the following day the squadron steered an easterly course, the ships keeping a long line, one behind the other, with all the coal tenders bringing up the rear. The Admiral had, for the present, reserved his decision with regard to our Commander's proposition, and we were all impatient to learn what it would be. At last, toward noon, signal flags were seen running up on the flagship. They read "'Emden' detached. Wish you good luck!" Sweeping a wide curve, the "Emden" withdrew from the long line of war ships, a signal conveying her Commander's thanks for the good wishes of the Admiral fluttering

at her mast head. There was still another signal from the commanding officer of the squadron, ordering the "Markomannia" to attend the "Emden." Ere long we had lost sight of the other ships of the squadron, which now were steering a course contrary to our own, and we all knew full well that we should never meet again.

It was a long journey to our new field of action. That we had no information with regard to our relations with Japan was a source of annoyance, as we did not know whether we were or were not at war with that country. The German wireless apparatus at Station Jap had already been destroyed by the English. After a week's run we met at sea the German steamer "Princess Alice." We took off a few reservists, and then sent her on to Manila. A little later, far out at sea, we met the little German gunboat "Geier." As our



signal connections had been destroyed, she had no news of the war to give us, in so far as England and Japan were concerned. We remained together for but a short time, only just long enough to exchange what news we each had. Then the "Geier" passed on eastward, on her way to join the squadron, while we continued in the direction of our future hunting ground.

These days were strenuous ones for our men, as the war watch was continued without intermission, in order that the ship might be ready at a moment's notice for any emergency. There was no opportunity to give the crew even a short season of rest. For us, there was not one harbor of refuge where we might lie free from danger.

Very regretfully we allowed a Japanese steamer, that we met on the way, to pro-

ceed undisturbed, as we did not know, at the time, whether or not we were at war with Japan. In passing, the Jap greeted us most obsequiously, dipping her flag especially low, in the supposition, no doubt, that we were an Englishman. We left her salute unanswered.

To reach the open sea, our course now led us through a number of narrow water ways. These straits swarmed with fishing boats and other small sea craft. The nights were bright with moonlight, which made it possible to recognize the "Emden" at a considerable distance. To meet so many boats was a source of anxiety to our Commander, who expressed himself as apprehensive that our presence in these waters, and our probable course also, would be noised about by some of these vessels. All English ships have either two or four funnels, whereas the "Emden" had three.

The happy thought came to me that much might be gained if the "Emden" were provided with a fourth funnel. So I quickly ordered a number of deck-runners to be fetched out. Deck-runners are strips of heavy sail-cloth about two meters in width, and, under ordinary circumstances, are used to protect the linoleum deck. Up above, a wooden post was fastened at the proper place in front of our forward funnel, and then our counterfeit funnel was placed in position around it. Viewed from the side, it made an excellent impression. From the front, it must be admitted, its appearance left much to be desired. It lacked the well-rounded proportions of its fellows, for it was only a few millimeters in diameter. However, in the hurry to have it ready for use in the coming night, nothing better could be put together.

I suggested to our Commander that,

given more time, I could produce a much better looking fourth funnel, and he approved of the undertaking. So, on the following morning, we set to work. Out of wooden laths and sail-cloth we soon had constructed a funnel of most elegant appearance, and, when it had been placed in position, the "Emden" was the exact counterpart of the British cruiser "Yarmouth." It was with this precise object in view that we had given the funnel an oval shape, as I was aware that the "Yarmouth" carried such an one. Our tender, the "Markomannia," was then sent out to the one side of us, and, with signals, she gave us directions as to how we could improve the position of our fourth funnel. We then placed marks on the light steel ropes which served to hoist the funnel into position, so that, at any time of the day or night, and at a moment's notice, our

counterfeit funnel could be neatly and properly placed.

In this way, by the end of the first week in September, we had got as far as the Bay of Bengal. For a period of about five days an English man-of-war, most likely the "Minotaur," kept a course close beside our own, which we learned from the frequent wireless messages that we caught up. Gradually, her messages became less distinct, and then ceased altogether. At no time had she come within sight of us.

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III  
*ON THE CHASE*

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### CHAPTER III

#### *ON THE CHASE*

It was not until the night of September tenth that our work began in real earnest. A steamer came in sight, and we approached her very cautiously, so as to give her a closer inspection. Quietly, and with lights screened, we crept up behind our intended victim. Our Commander ordered an approach to within one hundred meters of the steamer, which was peacefully and unsuspectingly proceeding on her course, and, after the manner of merchantmen, was paying little heed to anything except what was ahead of her and showing lights. Suddenly, through the stillness of the perfectly calm night, rang out our challenge through the speaking trumpet:



"Stop at once! Do not use your wireless! We are sending a boat!"

The steamer did not seem to realize what was meant by this order. Perhaps she did not expect, here in the heart of Indian waters, to run across an enemy's man-of-war. Or she may have thought it the voice of a sea god, and therefore no concern of hers. At any rate, she continued on her way undeterred. So, to explain the situation, we sent a blank shot whizzing past her. This made an impression, and, pell mell, her engines were reversed—we truly regretted the start we had given her dozing engineers—and with her siren she howled out her willingness to obey our order.

One of our cutters, with a prize crew in it, glided swiftly to water, and thence to the steamer, of which we thus took possession. An unpleasant surprise was now in

store for us, for soon there came flashing back to us a signal given by one of the men of our prize crew: "This is the Greek steamer, 'Pontoporros.'"

Our first steamer, and a neutral! Now it would be but a few days before the entire coast would know that a German war ship was abroad in the Indian Ocean. The very best of prizes might escape us on account of it. But, as good fortune would have it, our classic captive was loaded with contraband. She was carrying coal to British ports. She was therefore most welcome, to supplement the "Markomannia," whose coal bunkers were already half empty, and we gladly added her to our squadron, which now consisted of three ships. They were not long to remain the only ones, however.

The "Pontoporros" was loaded with coal from India, the very dirtiest coal in

the world. I had hoped, as our store of supplies diminished, to be able to replenish it from the cargoes of our prizes as we captured them. It was now six weeks since the "Emden" had put in at a port, and in all that time we had, of course, not had an opportunity to take on supplies of any kind. On board ship the first officer is, in a way, the housekeeper, for it is his duty to attend to all the details of fitting out the ship with supplies of every description. Before running out from Tsingtao, I had, in so far as possible, packed the ship with everything that I had thought necessary or useful. But now, during the last few days, it had developed that our supply of soap was getting alarmingly low. The usually very generous quantity of soap allowed each man had therefore shrunk to proportions that approached the vanishing point, and it looked as though in a

couple of weeks washing would be classed among the luxuries of life aboard the "Emden."

I had therefore, in jest, entreated our Commander to capture, as our first prize, a ship loaded with soap, instead of which we now got this cargo of dirty Indian coal. My disappointment was so great that I could not refrain from reproachfully calling our Commander's attention to it, and, with a laugh, he promised to do his best toward providing us with the much needed soap. And he kept his word.

On the morning of the eleventh of September, only a few hours after we had made the first addition to our squadron, there appeared, forward, a large steamer, which, in the supposition that we were an English man-of-war, manifested her delight at meeting us by promptly running up a large English flag while still a long way off.

We could not help wondering what sort of expression her captain's face wore when we ran up the German colors, and politely requested him to remain with us for a while.

The steamer hailed from Calcutta, had been requisitioned to serve as an English transport for carrying troops from Colombo to France, and was fitted out with an abundance of excellent supplies. A very pleasing surprise awaited us, and one for which we were indebted to the English native love of cleanliness, a virtue which no one will be inclined to dispute. In this case it had manifested itself in storing away so much soap in the ship, that for us, with our small crew, it was sufficient to supply our needs for at least a year, even though we should be spendthrift in the use of this indispensable requisite of modern civilization.

We also found aboard the ship a very handsome race horse. By a shot through the head, this noble creature was spared the agony of death by drowning. But our sympathy was hardly sufficient to extend to all the many mounts for artillery, which occupied as many neatly numbered stalls that had been built into the ship. They had to be left to become the prey of sharks a half hour later. The ship's crew was sent aboard our "junkman." The ship that did "junkman's" duty for us was either a recently captured vessel that was travelling with nothing but ballast in her hold, and consequently was of little value, or else one that was carrying neutral cargo, the sinking of which would have entailed unnecessary expense, as, when the war is over, an indemnity has to be paid for all neutral cargo destroyed. Our "junkman" always followed the "Emden,"

until there were as many people gathered aboard her as she could carry. When full, she was discharged, to steam away to the nearest port. At this time the "Pontoporros" was doing "junkman's" service.

During the next few days our business flourished. It was carried on in this way: As soon as a steamer came in sight, she was stopped, and one of our officers, accompanied by ten men, was sent aboard her. It was their duty to get the steamer ready to be sunk, and to arrange for the safe transfer of the passengers and crew. As a rule, while we were still occupied with this, the mast head of the next ship would appear above the horizon. There was no need of giving chase. When the next steamer had come near enough to us, the "Emden" steamed off to meet her, and sent her a friendly signal by which she was

induced to join our other previously captured ships. Again an officer and men were sent off, boarded her, got her ready to be sunk, and attended to the transfer of all hands aboard her, etc., and, by the time this was accomplished, the mast head of the third ship had usually come in sight. Again the "Emden" went to meet her, and so the game went on.

There were times when in this way we had gathered about us from five to six steamers. Of these, the first arrival would be showing only the funnel above water; the next was probably up to the deck under water; the condition of the third one still appeared to be normal, although a slight swaying from side to side showed that she, too, was getting full. The passengers of these captured ships made surprising acquaintances on board our "junkmen."



In this way we cleaned up the whole region from Ceylon to Calcutta. In addition to our old companion, the "Markomannia," we were now accompanied by the Greek collier "Pontoporros," which, in the meanwhile, had relinquished the rôle of "junkman" to the "Cabigna." The latter was an English steamer carrying an American cargo, the destruction of which would have resulted in nothing but unnecessary charges.

The "Cabigna" continued with us for several days, although she, the "Markomannia," and the "Pontoporros" were not the only companions of the "Emden" during that night. We had captured more prizes, whose destruction, however, was deferred to the following day in consideration of the passengers, because of the darkness, and the high seas running. All told, we had six attendants that night.

Three of these disappeared in the sea on the coming morning, and the "Cabigna" was discharged to land her passengers.

Aboard the "Cabigna" were the wife and little child of the captain. The position at sea, where the other steamers had been sent to the bottom, was so far distant from the nearest shore that it would have been quite impossible for any boats to have reached land. Before the captain of the "Cabigna" had been told that he would be allowed to proceed, and in the assumption that his ship also was to be sunk, he begged that he might be allowed to take a revolver with him for the protection of his wife and child. This is a typical case to illustrate the absurd ideas entertained by the British public as a result of the persistent slander of the Germans in which the English newspapers have indulged. According to the representations of the

English press it would have been all of a piece with German custom if we had set these women and children out in open boats, hundreds of miles out at sea, to leave them there to starve.

When the captain was informed that it was not our purpose to destroy his ship, he was overcome with joy. I, myself, was aboard his ship for several hours, and he could not find words sufficient to express his gratitude, begging me to convey his thanks to our Commander, and finally handing me a letter to deliver to him. In it he thanked us once more for the "humane" treatment which he and his family had received at our hands, saying that the officers and men of the prize crew placed in command of his ship had all conducted themselves like gentlemen, that he could not find sufficient words of praise for the deportment of the Germans, that

he would never forget the consideration shown him by our Commander, who, he said, had treated him with as much kindness and courtesy as it is possible for one seaman to extend to another in an emergency, even in time of peace, and he further assured us that he would do all in his power to have the truth made public through the English newspapers.

I had a long conversation with the captain's wife, also, and she expressed sentiments much like those contained in her husband's letter to our Commander. When she discovered, from something I said, that my oil-skins were going to pieces, she pressed me to accept her husband's. Besides this, upon learning that our supply of smoking tobacco was getting low, she urged us to take as many cigarettes and as much smoking tobacco with us as we could carry. These, she declared, were but tri-

fling gifts in comparison with the gratitude she felt.

It is hardly necessary to say that we took with us neither the tobacco nor the oil-skins.

At the time that the "Cabigna" was discharged, her deck was full of passengers, all people from the steamers we had captured. At our order, "You may proceed!" three cheers — "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" — rang back to us, one for the Commander, one for the officers, and one for the crew of H. M. S. "Emden," in which every person on the crowded deck joined. How many souls the "Cabigna" carried can best be estimated from the description of her entrance into Calcutta, as given in an English newspaper, which, some time later, fell into our hands. It stated that no one would have supposed the "Cabigna" to be a merchantman,

but rather would have taken her to be a training ship, so crowded was her deck. There were, at the time, about four hundred persons aboard the ship.

In the further progress of our activities we never failed to get three cheers from our discharged "junkmen," as they departed with their collection of passengers from captured steamers. Hence it would appear that it is customary with Englishmen to cheer barbarians who murder little children and wantonly slay men and women.

This seems a fitting place to speak about the attitude taken by the Englishmen when we captured their ships. Most of them behaved very sensibly. After they had recovered from the first shock of surprise, they usually passed into the stage of unrestrained indignation at their government, at which they swore roundly. With but one exception, they never offered any

resistance to the sinking of their ships. We always allowed them time enough to collect and take with them their personal possessions. They usually devoted most of this time to making certain that their precious supply of whiskey was not wasted on the fishes. I can say with truth that seldom did we send off a wholly sober lot of passengers on any one of our "junkmen."

In general, they had an eye open to "business," and made every reasonable effort to make certain that the advantages of German commerce raiding should be extended to the ships of their competitors among the steamship lines. For instance, upon leaving his ship, the captain of an English steamer would say something like this: "Tell me, have you run across the steamer 'X'?" to which we would reply, "No." "What," the captain would then exclaim, "you haven't seen her! Why, she steers

a course only seven miles to the south, and is only two hours behind me!"

In this way we usually knew the name of the next ship to appear, long before her mast head had come in sight above the horizon, and, moreover, it gave us opportunity to avoid annoying meetings with neutrals.

One captain was especially amusing. His was the unenviable duty of taking a bucket-dredger from England to Australia. No seafaring man can help sympathizing with the unfortunate who has to conduct one of these rolling tubs, with a speed of not more than four nautical miles at best, all the way from Europe down to Australia. And so, from a purely humane standpoint, we could fully appreciate this English captain's joy at being captured. Rarely have I seen anyone jump so high for joy. He must have been a past master in the



art of jumping to be able to keep his feet in spite of the terrible rolling of his ship. Tears of gratitude coursed down his weathered cheeks as he exclaimed, "Thank God, that the old tub is gone! The five hundred pounds I was to have for taking her to Australia were paid me in advance."

A seafaring man is always strangely moved by the sight of a sinking ship. We, who heretofore had always done everything within our power to help any ship in distress, were no exception, and never failed to experience a peculiar sensation when our duty compelled us to destroy the ships, and we saw them sink. It was usually accomplished in this way:

One of our men was sent down into the engine room of the captured vessel to unscrew the cap to one of the large pipes that open outward. Hereupon the sea

would instantly rush into the engine room in so powerful a stream that it forced its way in, in a column of water twice a man's height, and with a circumference of a man's girth. The water-tight door leading into the boiler room was always opened and fastened back, so that it had to remain so. In this way we made certain that two large compartments of the ship would fill with water. In addition to these two, we opened two more to the sea, by means of blasts, which were always set off at night, or else by two well placed shots. For a while the ship would then lunge from side to side, as though uncertain as to what was expected of her under these unusual circumstances. Then she settled deeper and deeper into the water, until the sea washed the railing. The waves swept greedily over the deck of the vessel doomed to destruction. Unseen hands seemed to be

pulling and hauling to draw their victim more quickly down into the deep. A shiver ran through the whole structure, as though the ship were shaking with fear, or as if she were making one last, desperate effort to escape from her impending fate. Then there was evident submission to the inevitable, and the final collapse. The bow dipped into the water, the masts came flat upon it, and the screws and rudder rose high in air. From the funnels came a last puff of smoke and escaping steam. For a moment the ship stood on end, upright in the water, and then shot like an arrow into the deep. The last resisting hatches and bulkheads of the stern were burst asunder by the force of the compressed air, which, where it escaped through the ventilators and side windows, forced the water out with it in jets like fountains, that rose several meters high, and were

scattered in spray by the pressure of the escaping air. A swirl of rushing waters where the ship had disappeared; then the sea closed over her, and she was seen no more. A moment later, as a last token from the vanished ship, a few loose spars and beams, a boat or two, and other like wreckage rose to the surface. Long heavy timbers shot upright out of the water, like arrows from a bow, jumping to a height of several meters above the surface of the sea. When all was over, a large oil spot marked the place where the ship had disappeared, and a crushed boat, a few life-preservers, timbers, and the like floated about. Then the "Emden" steered toward the next mast head to come in sight.

The Englishmen were always very grateful because we allowed them every opportunity to secure and take with them all their personal possessions. For this they

gave us full credit in their newspapers. It is probably not too much to say that toward the close of the year 1914 the "Emden" was the most popular ship in East Indian waters. Generally speaking, the English showed little understanding of the war. It is not with them, as it is with us, a people's war, and to a great extent they look upon it with indifference. This makes it possible for them to view the achievements of their friends, and their foes as well, from the sporting side of the situation, and so accounts, in part at least, for the rather remarkable circumstance that our Commander and his ship received praise and acclamation from all the newspapers of India. The "Gentleman Captain" was the name by which he was known, and in the newspapers it was said that he "played the game" and was "playing it well."

We always tried to be very considerate of all passengers who were at all civil — and there were but few who were not so — and rendered them every service possible, frequently at the cost of much valuable time. I am reminded of one instance in particular when, just before a steamer was to be destroyed, a young Englishman came to me, begging me to save for him his only possession in the world, and one to which he was wholly devoted, — a motor wheel. It was no easy matter to find the wheel among all the many articles that were packed in the hold of the ship, but we got it out, and, together with its happy owner, it was safely carried in the steam launch, which made an extra trip for the purpose, over to the “junkman,” where both wheel and owner were comfortably stowed away.

But there was another Englishman who

did not fare as well at our hands. He was a particularly aristocratic gentleman, the "traffic master" at Calcutta, and was on his way to Colombo with a large steamer which he was intending to turn over to the government for use as a transport ship for troops. He was not permitted to carry out his intention, and over this he was very wroth. It has been my experience that when it comes to a matter of business, all Englishmen, even those of a most amiable temper, are very easily irritated. While the ship was being made ready to be sent to the bottom, this gentleman was engaged in packing his numerous and large patent leather trunks, which he piled in a great heap up on deck. Then, with a high and mighty air, as befitting one of the British rulers of the sea, he paced the bridge, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, and his hands in the pockets of his large checked

trousers. He cast scornful glances down at us "Germans." To his pile of trunks he paid no further attention, seemingly taking it for granted that, when the proper moment arrived, we would wait upon him to get orders as to what was to be done with them.

Finally all hands had left the ship, taking with them their various belongings, and he was the only person still on board. We were ready to sink the ship, but the traffic master, in "splendid isolation" and big checked trousers, with his pipe in his mouth, was still pacing the ship's bridge. He was informed that it was high time for him to leave the ship. His only reply was a mute gesture, — for which he was obliged to take his hand out of his pocket, — a jerk of his thumb in the direction of his pile of trunks that, in solitary grandeur, was now the sole remaining ornament of



the deck. He evidently assumed that his royal gesture would be all-sufficient to remind us of our duty, and that we would instantly stand ready to obey the orders of the "traffic master of Calcutta" with regard to his trunks.

Our men misunderstood him, however, and calmly assured him that he need have no anxiety for his trunks, for, judging from recent experiences, they would sink fast enough without any assistance from them, and that there was reason to believe that the same fate would overtake him, if he did not leave the ship at once. The last boat was about to put off.

Hereupon the traffic master came down, first of all from the height of his English superiority, and then from the height of the ship's bridge. With his own hands he saved at least the smallest one of his collection of trunks, and, perspiring with

the exertion, carried it off with him as he left the ship. Our men followed him with their hands in their trousers' pockets, and a cigarette in the corner of their mouths.

The store of provisions with which we started out had, of course, long since come to an end. But, thanks to the kind forethought of the English, the steamers we captured were always so well stocked with canned goods, put up by the best of English firms, that it was fortunate that our men were blessed with good appetites, else it would have been difficult for them, in this respect, to have carried out one of the first rules of warfare, viz. that under all circumstances the enemy's stores must be destroyed. In this connection we demonstrated, by sufficient and agreeable experiment, that conserves and other like delicacies are excellent food for sailors,

and need not be omitted from their rations on account of the liquor in which they are put up.

In the vicinity of Calcutta we had an undesired meeting with a steamer by the name of "Loredano." It was not at all necessary for her to run up her flag to establish her nationality, for the dirt, that was everywhere in evidence, proclaimed her from afar to be an Italian. We were obliged to allow this neutral ship to proceed on her way, since a close inspection failed to reveal anything of the nature of contraband. It happened that she arrived on the scene of action just at a time when a collection of ships was about to start on a course for the bottom of the sea. When the last of these ill-fated steamers had disappeared, and the "Emden" was leaving for elsewhere, we could see, on looking back, that the Italians were eagerly

engaged in fishing up some floating bales of tea, a part of a large cargo of tea that one of the steamers we had just sunk was carrying. We wondered whether our Italian friends hoped to find their contents to be macaroni. We were not at all disposed to grudge them the fruits of their fishing, but were very far from approving their later conduct, for on the following day this "neutral" steamer undertook to send out wireless messages announcing to all shipping in the surrounding waters that the "Emden" was near. This was a violation of international law, which prohibits neutrals from participating in or interfering with any act of war.

When we had garnered all that the Bay of Bengal here had to offer us, a circumstance which we learned from the fact that day after day not a ship came in sight, we decided to seek another field of

action, and betook ourselves to the other side of the Bay, toward Rangoon. Here our first misfortune awaited us, — there were no ships abroad. That all shipping was being held in the harbors on our account was the explanation, but this we did not know until later, when we read it in the newspapers.

Nevertheless there was one happy result to be placed to the credit of our reputation, in that we found it an easy matter to persuade a Norwegian steamer temporarily to assume the rôle of "junkman" for us, and we could thus rid ourselves of the last of our undesired guests.

Because of our detour to Rangoon, we had been seen by no one for the whole of one week. In wise forethought for the welfare of their subjects, the discreet British government authorities in India utilized this interim to gladden the hearts of their

patiently waiting countrymen by officially announcing to them that the "Emden" had at last been destroyed by one of the sixteen ships that were hunting her, and that shipping could therefore be resumed without fear of further disturbance. Naturally, but unfortunately for us, we could not know of this at the time, but learned it later from the newspapers.

As no merchantmen made their appearance in the waters we were ranging, we returned to our former hunting ground, along the east coast of the Indian peninsula. Our Commander decided to put the oil tanks at Madras to the test. On the eighteenth of September, in the evening, the "Emden" entered the harbor. It so happened that this was the day after the one on which the joyful tidings of the "Emden's" destruction had been officially announced. To celebrate the happy occa-

sion, a large company had assembled for dinner at the Club. As we were not aware of this, it was hardly our fault that the "Emden's" shells fell into the soup. Had we known of the dinner party, we would, of course, gladly have deferred our attack until another day, as it is the part of wisdom never to exasperate the enemy unnecessarily. A due regard should always be shown for sacred institutions, and *dinner* is an institution with regard to which the English are always keenly sensitive.

We approached to within 3000 meters of Madras. The harbor light was shining peacefully. It rendered us good service as we steered toward shore, for which we again take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the British Indian government. A searchlight revealed to us the object of our quest, — the oil tanks, painted white and ornamented with a stripe of

red. A couple of shells sent in that direction, a quick upleaping of tongues of bluish-yellow flame, streams of liquid fire pouring out through the holes made by our shots, an enormous black cloud of dense smoke, — and, following the advice of the old adage, “A change is good for everybody,” we had sent several millions’ worth of the enemy’s property up into the air, instead of down into the sea, as heretofore.

It seems that shots were fired after us from Madras, although, at the time, we did not know where the shells came from. There were not many, however, and they were poorly aimed. The English newspapers said of us in this connection that, when we were fired at, we quickly put out all our lights, and, turning tail, got away in all haste. To this I would say that, as a matter of course, we made our approach



to Madras without lights of any kind; furthermore, that neither our Commander nor myself were at the time aware that we were being fired at, and that the shots were observed only by the officers at the stern of the ship. It had not entered our minds, therefore, to run from the firing. In so far as our lights were concerned, our tactics were just the reverse of those that were ascribed to us. As soon as we had fired the necessary number of shots, we lit up the ship, that is, we made a point of showing as much light as possible at her stern, while we took a northerly course. Then, after a sufficient time had elapsed, we shut off all lights and steered southward.

The flames at Madras illumined our course for a long while. On the following day, when we were ninety nautical miles distant from Madras, we could still see a

dense cloud of black smoke rising from the burning oil.

Past Pondicherry, and around the island of Ceylon, we continued our course, steadily steering westward to reach the other side of India, and honor that coast with our presence.

As we learned from the newspapers some time later, our attack upon Madras resulted in a general exodus of the European population from the coast region into the interior of the country. Furthermore, as a result of it, the English instituted a searchlight service all along the coast, that is, all night long searchlights played over the whole area of water lying just beyond the ports. This solved a good many navigation problems for us, and again we would express our belated thanks to the efficient British government authorities of India.

On the twenty-sixth day of September the "Emden" lay just outside of the port of Colombo. As we were cruising back and forth, suddenly, in the path of the searchlight, appeared a dark shadow that roused our lively interest. It looked rather dangerous at first, but, upon closer inspection, appeared more to our liking. It was an English steamer, crammed up to her very throat with sugar. Her captain was so exasperated at the idea of being captured right in the path of the searchlights of his own home port, which had been fortified for defence, and actually within range of the guns of the British forts, that he attempted to defy our orders. For him the unhappy consequence of this ill-advised burst of patriotism was that he was not allowed time enough to look for so much as a handkerchief to take with him. Within five minutes the entire crew

of the steamer was taken off her, and housed aboard our "junkman." The captain and his engineer received the distinction of being temporarily assigned to a cell aboard H. M. S. "Emden." Ten minutes later the sugar cargo was adding sweetness to the supper of all the fish in the surrounding water.

Later, we read in the newspapers the most incredible pirate tales which this captain had told of the "Emden." Although admitting that he had been well treated, he nevertheless complained that the respect due his standing had not been shown him. We wondered whether he had expected the "Emden's" commander to relinquish his cabin to him. Moreover, he spoke very disparagingly of the "Emden's" condition in so far as cleanliness was concerned. He said she was not only dirty, but scratched and dented as well.

To this accusation we are obliged to plead guilty. To be unintermittently at sea for weeks, to take on coal from other steamers at sea, and carry it in such quantities that it has to be stored on deck, is apt to leave its marks on a ship. Had I known beforehand that we were going to have so distinguished a guest aboard, my pride, as first officer of the ship, undoubtedly would have induced me to make strenuous efforts to have the ship cleaned and freshly painted for his special benefit.

In addition, this critical gentleman said of us that the men of our crew looked starved and wore an air of dejection. To this I can but say that it would be doing a gross injustice to the provisioning of the English ships we had captured to say that our men looked hungry. And their air of dejection must have impressed our guest

so forcibly while they were executing their best hornpipes for his benefit to such tunes as "That was in Schöneberg in the lovely month of May," or "Snuten und Poten," played by the ship's band at the regular after-dinner concerts.

Later, after our unwilling guest had left us, and was on his way, aboard our next "junkman" that was sent off with a full load, he may not have fared as well as he did on the "Emden." The officer of the prize crew that remained on board the "junkman," up to the moment when she was discharged, told us that the officers of the defunct sugar steamer were furious with their captain, saying that, whereas he was fully insured, they were not, and therefore his foolish show of resistance had cost them all they owned. When the captain came on board the "junkman," his officers were standing at the gangway

ladder, with sleeves rolled up, waiting to receive him. He may have had reason to wish himself back on the "Emden."

Meanwhile the coaling question had come to be a source of annoyance to us. Our faithful "Markomannia" had no more coal to give us. To be sure, our prize, the "Pontoporros," with her cargo of coal from India, was still with us. But this Indian coal is far from being desirable fuel, as it not only clogs the fire kettles with dirt, but, while it gives out a minimum of heat, it sends forth a maximum of smoke, and so our prize was not an unmixed joy to us. However, this vexed coal question was happily solved for us by the English Admiralty in a most satisfactory manner. Before many days had passed, a fine large steamer of 7000 tonnage, loaded with the best of Welsh coal, en route for Hong Kong, and destined for their own use, was

relinquished to us by the English in a most unselfish manner.

So, for the present, we were most generously supplied with the best of fuel, and all further anxiety on this account was dismissed to the uncertain future. The captain of our new coal-laden prize seemed to have no scruples with regard to transferring himself, together with his ship, into German service. Willingly and faithfully he coöperated with the officer of the prize crew that was, of course, placed in command of his ship, all the while cheerfully whistling "Rule, Britannia."

In the meantime, even the English government itself had become convinced that the destruction of the "Emden" had, after all, not been accomplished. So another order to cancel all sailings was issued. There was, therefore, no reason



for the "Emden" to remain in these waters any longer. So our Commander decided to devote this interim of enforced idleness to giving the "Emden" the attention that her long continued cruise had made very necessary. The ship's bottom was especially in need of a cleaning. So we turned her nose to the south.

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IV  
*THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*

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## CHAPTER IV

### *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*

WE knew quite well that sixteen hostile ships were in pursuit of us, — British, French, and Japanese. We never had any information with regard to the position of these ships, nor of their character, which, after all, could matter very little to us, since the “Emden” was the smallest and least formidable of all the war ships in the Indian Ocean. There was not a hostile cruiser, that she was likely to meet, that was not her superior in strength. That the “Emden’s” career must soon be cut short was therefore a prospect of which everyone aboard her felt certain. Many hounds are certain death to the hare.

Even should the inevitable encounter be with a hostile cruiser that was not much

more powerful than the "Emden" herself, she would nevertheless sustain injuries, and the ship's personnel suffer loss sufficient to oblige us to abandon our present activity. There was not a port where we could put in to make repairs, and vacancies that might occur in the personnel could not be filled in any case. Our Commander had set this aspect of affairs before us, sharply and clearly, at the very outset of the "Emden's" career, pointing out that the only future ahead of the "Emden" was to inflict as much damage as possible upon the enemy before she herself should be destroyed, which, in any event, could be but a question of time.

That our foes were always round about us, and at times very near, we learned from the wireless messages which they were constantly exchanging. Although these gave us no definite information, as they

were in secret code, they nevertheless revealed to us, by their greater or less distinctness, the distance between us and the ship that was sending the messages. This, to be sure, was no great gain, as the enemy might be in any direction from us. A manœuvre on our part, for the purpose of avoiding the enemy, could be to little purpose therefore. By such an attempt we might, instead of eluding the foe, have run straight into the enemy's arms.

It has been frequently said by the English that it was wholly due to her great speed that the "Emden" remained afloat as long as she did. This is not the case. Aside from the fact that the ship's bottom was so heavy with barnacles, etc., that the "Emden" could not run at her highest speed, she could at no time make more than eleven nautical miles on an average, for the very good reason that the coal

tenders, upon which she was dependent for fuel, could travel no faster. Moreover, a greater speed would have profited us little. Whereas, at a speed of eleven miles, we found it possible to avoid a hostile encounter, we might, by the greater rate of twenty miles an hour, have rushed straight upon the enemy.

However, the wireless messages we caught up, as we came near to a hostile ship, did tell us something, — they revealed to us the nationality of the ship that was sending them. For there was a distinguishable difference between the wireless messages sent by the ships of our various foes; — those sent by the English were unlike the French, and these, in turn, differed from the Japanese or Russian, if, indeed, the latter ever got so far as to use a wireless apparatus at all.

During these days of raiding, our life on

board ship was much as it had been in times of peace. Undoubtedly there were a few more lookouts on duty at night, and, of course, guns and torpedoes were ready for use at a moment's notice, both by day and by night. The "Emden's" Commander spent most of his time on the bridge, where comfortable chairs had been placed for his convenience, so that he could sleep there, and be ready instantly for any emergency. His days were chiefly devoted to the study of marine charts, sailors' handbooks, and other like sources of information. In long hours of careful preparation the plans were here developed that, when carried out, resulted in the "Emden's" remarkable achievements.

The devotion of the "Emden's" crew to their Commander was touching in the extreme. The men appreciated the high qualities of their leader, were proud of



their ship, and gloried in its successful career. If, at any time when they were singing, or were otherwise noisy, the word was passed along, "The Commander is tired," they would become instantly quiet. At a word of encouragement from him the men would accomplish some truly wonderful feats in connection with difficult undertakings, such as coaling at sea under most adverse conditions, and in spite of extreme fatigue. Many a time, while making the rounds of the ship, I have heard them talking about their "Captain," and the tenor of their conversation was usually expressed in a final remark, such as, "Yes, our Commander is fine at it!"

In the officers' mess, also, life went on much as it did in days of peace. To be sure, the comfortable and cozy appearance of the rooms was a thing of the past. All

woodwork had been removed, and everything of inflammable material, such as curtains, and the like, had been banished. Ammunition was constantly being transported through the mess, and other work of a like nature was going on there, both by day and by night. The gun that had been mounted in the officers' living room had to be kept in readiness for use at any moment. The officers who were not on duty, and therefore at a particular station, slept in hammocks up on the poop when the weather was fair, or, if it rained, they occupied mattresses or hammocks in the officers' mess, all of them together. To undress was a luxury in which we no longer indulged. Everyone had to be ready to get to his post at a moment's notice.

The pleasantest hours of our life on-board were always those spent in reading the newspapers taken from captured steamers.

They were the bridge that spanned the gulf that yawned between us and the rest of the world. Even though all the news we received came through the medium of the British press, nevertheless we managed to extract some semblance of truth from out the network of lies, more especially so after we had had a longer experience with the reports sent out by the Reuter News Agency. For instance, we found it very reassuring to discover, by consulting the map, that the "*retreat* of the Germans from France," which the Agency had declared to amount "almost to a rout," had proceeded in a *westerly* direction. Nor did we allow ourselves to be much disturbed by the fact that when we added up the amazing figures that announced the German losses, their total amounted to considerably more than the entire population of Germany.



THE EMDEN



To the newspapers of India we were indebted also for information concerning the "Emden's" achievements, and we were astonished at the way in which they regarded the whole matter. They seemed to look at it wholly as though it were a kind of sport we were engaged in, — poked fun at their own war ships which, in spite of their numbers, had failed to capture the "Emden," spoke of our bombardment of the Madras oil tanks as though it were a huge joke, made our Commander an honorary member of the principal club of Calcutta, and indulged in a large number of "'Emden' yarns." These were of so absurd a character that no one would have thought of offering them, as actual occurrences, to any reading public except one of as little judgment in such matters as the English are. It will be illuminating to quote one or two typical ones as examples.

An Indian newspaper published the story told by the captain of a merchantman, who claimed to have met the "Emden" without having been captured by her. That any faith was placed in even so much of the story is in itself evidence of the credulity of the British reading public, for the captain of an English steamer that came in contact with the "Emden" never got away with his ship. The captain's story was as follows: —

It was at night, and I was steering toward the Sandhead lightship, but failed to find it where I looked for it. Before long, however, I saw the pilot boat, which threw her searchlight on us. (I must explain that the pilot steamers of this region are, as a rule, equipped with searchlights for the purpose of attracting incoming vessels to themselves.) I steered my ship in the direction of the pilot boat, but was

surprised to find that the distance between us did not diminish, and that the pilot, instead of approaching, was running away from me. I ordered my engineer to drive the fires to the limit, and to work the engine at maximum speed. In spite of all this, the difference between us remained the same. I puzzled my brain over this unusual conduct on the part of the pilot. Before I could arrive at any conclusion, however, and to my utter amazement, the supposed pilot began to navigate in circles, small at first, but growing larger and larger all the time. Like mad I raced after her, and tried to overtake her by steering a short cut on a chord of the circle. The signal I sounded with my steam whistle remained unnoticed. I failed to overtake the pilot boat. After a half hour's mad chase after her, the pilot steamer stopped playing her searchlight, and left me staring



foolishly into the darkness. Later, I learned that the supposed pilot steamer was none other than the "Emden."

This was the captain's story. Angelic simplicity!

Another "Emden" yarn was printed by a Calcutta newspaper, and was to this effect: —

One day an urgent wireless message was received by the government authorities, saying that an English cruiser, coming from Singapore, had met the "Emden," and in the pursuit of her had used up every bit of coal in the bunkers, and was now keeping her engines going by burning all available material, such as beds, wardrobes, furniture of every kind, etc., in her endeavor to reach a port on the coast of India. She urgently asked that several thousand tons of coal be forwarded immediately to the port she hoped to reach. The devoted and ener-

getic government authorities at once undertook vigorous measures to comply with the request, and then sent the message on to the next government station, with the order to pass it along. In their eagerness to participate in anything that might promote the interests of the government, the officials at this second station sent the message on to the next one, where those in charge, also filled with a desire to do something, decided to give immediate orders to a coal company, which, in the meantime, had been swamped with orders from all the stations where the message had been previously received. Eager to make the most of this unusual opportunity for business, the coal company set to work at once to accomplish something. Hundreds and hundreds of coolies were hired; mountains of coal were loaded into cars that were quickly procured. Day and night

the work went on without intermission. In the shortest time possible train after train, piled high with the much desired black diamonds, was rolling away, at the enormous speed of forty kilometers (about twenty-five miles) an hour, toward the port where the cruiser was expected to put in. Here, also, eager preparations were in progress, so that the cruiser might coal as quickly as possible. No time must be lost in the endeavor to catch the "Emden."

To the great surprise — and delight — of the coolies, to the equal degree of astonishment, but less delight, of the railroad officials, harbor master, and residents of the port, and to the utter chagrin of the coal company and the government authorities, no British cruiser put in an appearance. After a while, this mixed-up state of affairs began to clear. The Indian government had discovered the key to the situation.

The wireless message must have come from the "Emden"! How she could have managed to send it in the English secret code, in which the telegram was worded, the British government failed to explain to the credulous public.

Of "'Emden' yarns" such as these there was an untold number. On board ship we kept a scrap-book in which they were all preserved, but this, unfortunately, was lost, together with much that was of higher value.

Amusement of a different nature was afforded the officers' mess by our "war cats," as we called them. On the day before we left Tsingtao a cat had come on board, and so had come along with us. In course of time, this cat experienced the joys of motherhood. Lying in my hammock one morning, I opened my eyes upon a charming scene of family life. Just be-

neath me, a little to one side, on a mattress on the floor of the deck, lay Lieutenant Schall, sleeping the sleep of the just. Close beside him, on the same mattress, lay the cat, with a family of five newly born kittens. After I had quickly wakened the other officers who were sleeping near, so that they might enjoy the sight of this peaceful domesticity, we poked Lieutenant Schall until he, too, opened his eyes upon the scene. At first he did not seem to share our pleasure in it, however, but, with a muttered oath, hurried off to the washroom.

In conformity to the laws that decide nationality, the war kittens were declared to belong to our mess. In a vacant corner, where a sofa had once stood, we set up a little wooden house, and made a bed in it for the cat and her kittens. Thanks to the devoted care of all the ship's officers and the men who served them, the kittens

prospered wonderfully. The instinct by which they were prevented from killing themselves with overeating roused our admiration. In a short time the tiny creatures were able to venture upon short excursions away from their bed. Thereafter, all of us, when moving about the mess, picked our steps most cautiously, because the kittens were always most likely to be just where we were about to place our feet. There was special need of this precaution at night.

When this consideration for our little guests had reached a point where it threatened to interfere with certain nightly manœuvres, the cat house was placed within an enclosure. Later, when the tiny things had developed into cunning creatures, they used to scamper about on our afternoon coffee table, where they engaged in the most amusing wrestling matches. To knock over

the pictures on my writing desk, and to investigate the contents of my waste basket formed some of their chief amusement.

So that we might be able to distinguish them, one from the other, we tied different colored ribbons around their necks. One day we decided that they must be christened. We named them for the steamers that we had captured. So we had a little Pontoporros, a small Lovat-Indus, and a little Cabigna and King Lud capering about on our table. Only for the last and tiniest kitten did we find it difficult to select a suitable name. It was the weakling of the family, for in its physical development it had remained far behind its brothers and sisters. Its small fragile body was supported on four tottering spindle legs, and it had an astonishingly big head, from which two great, round eyes looked foolishly out upon the world. So

we thought that the next name in order, which happened to be "The Diplomat," was hardly appropriate. But it received a most fitting name from one of the lieutenants, who always referred to it as "the little idiot."

The kittens were often up on the poop, frolicking in the sunshine. At such times all the officers, who happened to be off duty, devoted themselves to nurse-maid service, in order to prevent the kittens from falling overboard. Nevertheless, one day the little idiot succeeded in eluding our watchful care. When we assembled at the table for our afternoon coffee, the kitten was missing, and could not be found in spite of diligent search for it. The officers who had been on kitten-watch duty earnestly assured us that the missing one could not possibly have tumbled overboard. But it was gone, and was nowhere



to be found. Deep despondency reigned as a consequence of the kitten's loss, but this quickly gave place to loud rejoicing when, in the course of the nightly round of the ship, inspection of the rear 10.5-cm. ammunition magazine revealed the little idiot sleeping peacefully on one of the cases of ammunition. It had got down there by a leap from the poop through the ammunition shaft, a descent of about nine meters. For human creatures of the kitten's tender age we should not advise so daring an undertaking. The little idiot, however, was not much the worse for it. He was lame in one of his hind legs for a few days, and then all was well with him again.

Our kittens were not the only animals that the war had brought aboard our ship. If some one had dropped from the sky, and landed on the "Emden" on one of

these days, he would have opened his eyes in wonderment at sight of this "man-of-war." Forward, in the vicinity of the drain pipe, he would have discovered one or two pigs, grunting with satisfaction. Near by, he would have seen a couple of lambs and a sheep or two, bleating peacefully. By a walk aft he would, in all probability, have scared up a whole flock of pigeons that had been sitting on the rails which served for the transportation of ammunition, and that, at his approach, would take refuge in the pigeon house that had been fastened against one of the funnels. In his further progress he would most likely have frightened up a few dozen hens that would then have run cackling about his heels, the noise they made being only outdone by the still louder cackling of a flock of geese engaged in unsuccessful attempts at swimming in a large half-tub

aft, and at the same time trying to drink salt water. We always had a great deal of live stock on board, all of which we had taken from the captured steamers, and which lent variety to our table. We had a less practical, but more ornamental addition to our menagerie in a dwarf antelope, which I came upon one day in the forward battery. How the dainty creature got there has always remained a mystery to me.

All our animals received devoted care from the men of the crew. Indeed, I cannot suppress a suspicion that the pigs were so assiduously fed with all remnants left from our own meals, in the secret hope that this would hasten the day when they would be served up for our dinners.

The men had much leisure. Under existing circumstances no regular drills, such as are customary in time of peace, could be

undertaken. A large part of the crew was necessarily constantly on duty, in service at the engines, or elsewhere in the ship, each man ready at his post. The rest of the men had to be kept in good physical condition, so as to be able to meet any sudden emergency which the war might bring about. In fair weather the men slept at their stations, ready for action with the guns. It was especially desirable to provide comfortable and airy sleeping places for the men who served in the engine room. Oftentimes the rooms provided for this purpose were rendered unfit for occupation by the extreme heat of the tropical climate. A part of deck was therefore set aside as a sleeping place for the men, and provision made for the hanging of their hammocks there. Anyone stepping out upon this deck on a fair night would have seen a "sleeping host" sus-

pended in hammocks, all gently swaying with the motion of the ship.

A part of the day was often devoted to giving the crew a report or explanation of the existing war situation, in so far as this was possible. Oftentimes the newspapers were read aloud, and many of the books belonging to the officers found their way forward, to help pass the time pleasantly for the men.

To keep them informed with regard to the progress of the war was a duty which I reserved for myself. A large map of Germany and the adjacent countries was drawn, and on it the course of events on land was traced.

It was not an easy matter for me to decide just how to handle the subject of the war in my talks to the crew. My only sources of information with regard to it were the English newspapers, which, as is notorious,

habitually published the most absurd misrepresentations of what had occurred. Constant annihilation of the German armies, utter disorganization everywhere, complete collapse, starvation, revolution, epidemic of suicide among German army corps commanders were common items of daily news. Great headlines announced that the Emperor had been wounded, the Crown Prince had fallen, Bavaria had withdrawn from the Empire, and other like nonsense.

One course that was open to me in dealing with these newspaper eccentricities was to draw my own conclusion from them, and present this to the men, with a total disregard of the most barefaced English lies; for continued bad news from home could not fail, in the end, to affect the spirits of the men. On the other hand, I had every reason to believe that eventually

the newspaper reports would reach the men after all. My serving man would most likely find newspapers in my room, and read them. The mess orderlies were present, and therefore within hearing, when the officers read the newspapers, and discussed their contents. Now, if what I told the crew had been at variance with that which was repeated to them by the orderlies, it could but be expected that the thought would suggest itself to them that I was intentionally representing matters in a favorable light, and that, after all, the outlook for Germany was more serious than I was willing to admit. A misunderstanding such as this had to be avoided at all hazards. So, from the outset, I told the men that I intended to read the newspapers to them, word for word, and then at the close, I would give them my opinion of what had been read.

As an illustration of how much reliance could be placed in the reports of the Reuter Agency, a telegram which we had intercepted early in August, before we had left the Yellow Sea, served my purpose very well. It read: "Official. The 'Emden' sunk in battle with the 'Askold.'"

There could be no doubt in the minds of my hearers that this was, to say the least, a gross exaggeration. I could therefore use this telegram as a basis for the belief that all the rest of the newspaper information had about as much foundation of truth.

The men were not slow to realize how little faith was to be placed in these English reports.

Great hilarity was caused one day by a map we found in one of the papers, representing Germany after the British lion had divided the spoils. On this map France



extended to the Weser and Werra rivers, and to the Bavarian frontier, Denmark, down to a line drawn through Wismar, Wittenberge, Magdeburg, Hanover, and Bremen; England had swallowed up Oldenburg and Hanover; the country east of the Elbe, including Saxony, had been delivered into the hands of the Czar; Bavaria was an independent country; of the German Empire there was nothing left except a little spot called "Thüringen."

Henceforth the Bavarians and Thüringians among us carried their heads very high, — the former, because their homeland had been recognized even by the enemy as being an essential element, and the latter, because theirs seemed to be regarded as the nucleus of the Empire.

What sport we made of it!

The men always looked forward with eagerness to the time for reading the

newspapers. As soon as the papers found on a captured ship had been brought aboard the "Emden," all eyes asked an unuttered question — "When is the reading to come off?" On such occasions disputes, otherwise unheard of, were likely to arise among the men of the crew as to whose turn it was to be on duty, for no one wanted to miss the reading. Whenever the whistle shrilled out the call: "All hands to the forecastle," it was invariably greeted with an inarticulate yell of delight that rang aft from the forward part of the ship.

Then, after the newspapers had been read, and as clear a portrayal as possible had been given of the most recent events of the war, there were always many questions asked with regard to one point or another.

The chief interest was ever in the ships of the squadron. The victory of Santa Maria, when, for the first time in a hundred

years an English squadron had suffered decided defeat at the hands of an equal antagonist, had, naturally enough, roused great enthusiasm. Everyone aboard our ship realized that the fate of all the other ships of the squadron was sealed, quite as well as was that of the "Emden." For this very reason it gave us all a feeling of satisfaction and pride to know that, before they had met their doom, our armored cruisers had succeeded in gaining for the Germans the first victory at sea, and in inflicting upon the English their first naval defeat in a hundred years.

Duty aboard the "Emden" consisted chiefly in keeping the ship itself, the engines, and the armament in condition. To provide a source of refreshment for the crew, a large number of shower baths, made out of old pipes, had been arranged up on deck. The entire crew had a shower

bath three times a day, each man being allowed to enjoy it as long as he liked.

The state of health aboard the "Emden" was excellent. From the time we left Tsingtao until the day of our encounter with the "Sidney," there was not a case of sickness on board.

Every afternoon the ship's band gave us quite a long concert. At such times the men all sat cozily about on the forecandle, listening to the music, some joining in with their voices, while others smoked or danced. In the evening, after darkness had set in, the singers aboard usually got together, and then every possible and impossible song was sung by a chorus that was excellent both in volume and quality. The "possible" songs were, to a great extent, our beautiful German national melodies, and these were always well rendered. The "impossible" ones were fre-

quently improvised for the occasion. In these, clearness of enunciation was always a greater feature than either rhyme or rhythm. The singing invariably closed with the "Watch on the Rhine," in which all hands on deck joined.

Distributing the booty we had taken from a captured ship was always an occasion about which centered a great deal of interest. Anything of a useful nature, especially everything in the line of food, was, as a matter of course, taken aboard the "Emden." As a result, veritable mountains of canned goods were stored away in a place set apart for them on the forward deck. Casks full of delectable things were there. Hams and sausages dangled down from the engine skylight. There were stacks of chocolate and confectionery, and bottles labelled "Claret" and "Cognac," with three stars.

To the accompaniment of a barnyard medley of grunting, squeaking, bleating, and cackling, the different kinds of livestock that were to be entered upon the inventory were driven to the various places prepared for them. The steward stood by with his assistants and entered everything upon his list. When his account was complete, the distribution took place. The men stood lined up in a wide circle, smoking and chatting while they waited, and when they had received their share, they had their hands full for quite a while, as they carried off all the good things, and stored them away in their end of the ship.

So as to be able to do justice to all that fortune bestowed upon us, an extra meal or two had to be tucked in between the usual ones. So, with our afternoon coffee we now had chocolate or bonbons. For the smokers there were more than 250,000

cigarettes stored away, and when, in the evening, they had been passed around, the deck looked as though several hundred fireflies were flitting about it. The English flour, which we found in great abundance, kept our bakers busy, with the result that we had most excellent bread. Because of this superabundance of provisions, the chief concern of the responsible officers was to prevent an overfeeding of the men, and not, as in time of peace, to see to it that they were not undernourished.

That many other useful things besides eatables found their way to the "Emden," it is needless to say. Whenever I went aboard a captured steamer, a list of all the articles desired was always given me. There were but few times when these wishes remained unfulfilled, even when they called for such unusual things as screw-taps, fine or course, soldering lamps, piast-

sava brooms, sheets of rubber, hand vices, bull's-eye lanterns, iron bars, firebricks, machine oil, and the like.

The men I took with me to the captured steamers to carry the things aboard the "Emden," usually knew just what the men of our crew would like to get of such articles as were to be had, but which did not appear on my list. But all the suggestions that were made to me in this respect could not be carried out. I felt compelled to refuse to allow oil paintings, large mirrors, toy drums, horses, and the like to be taken aboard the "Emden."

When we happened to be in a reflective state of mind, we often thought of our pursuers, — how close to us they were all the while, and yet, during their long continuance at sea, compelled to live for weeks on hardtack and corned beef, while beer, wine, cognac, fresh eggs, roast chicken,



juicy hams, chocolate, bonbons and cigarettes were only phantoms of the imagination to them, seen in teasing dreams, or remembered as the delights of their last visit ashore.

So we spent the passing days, while certain death lurked round about us. In sixteen ships our enemies were burning their coal, and racking their brains in vain attempt to catch us.

As there was not a merchantman of the enemy now abroad, our Commander, as has been related, decided to give the "Emden" a much needed overhauling, especially to clean the bottom of the ship. So we steered a southerly course, which took us out of the Bay of Bengal, and, one fine morning, our anchor rattled down into the sea for the first time in many a long day. We were in the harbor of Diego Garcia, a small island belonging to England, and

situated in the extreme southern part of the Indian Ocean.

Hardly had we anchored when the English flag was joyfully run up on shore. A boat with an old Englishman in it put off from the island and came toward us. With his face beaming with the pleasure of seeing some one from the outside world, he came on board, bringing with him gifts of fresh eggs, vegetables, etc. He gave eager expression to the delight it afforded him to have the opportunity, after many years, once more to greet some of his German cousins, so dear to his heart, and so highly esteemed. He assured us that he was always so glad to see the Germans, especially those that came in their fine war ships. He had not seen one of them since 1889, when the two frigates, the "Bismarck" and the "Marie," had run into the harbor. That was a long time

ago, he remarked, but for this very reason it made him all the happier to see us now, and he hoped it would not be long before another German ship would anchor at Diego Garcia.

At first we were somewhat surprised at this greeting, although by this time we had become accustomed to all kinds of English eccentricities. But soon we learned from our guest that Diego Garcia receives a mail only twice a year, by way of Mauritius, and so the people on the little island as yet knew nothing of the war. We surely were not disposed to acquaint them with the horrors of existing conditions. Why should we? And, moreover, it might so happen that we would come again before many days had passed.

However, when our guest came on board the "Emden," and, looking about him, saw the condition of this German man-of-

war, he opened his eyes wide in astonishment. Instead of the usual white deck, shining with cleanliness, he beheld an ill-looking, oil-stained flooring, blackened by coal dust, and furrowed with deep scratches. He saw that the color of the engine skylight was more nearly black than gray, that the railing was not only broken, but entirely missing in places, that only small patches of linoleum were still to be seen here and there, that thickly plaited matting was hung about the guns as a protection against splintering, that there were many spots on the walls indicating that something was gone that had either stood or hung there, and that in the officers' mess there was a remarkable scarcity of furniture. When he beheld all this, he was blank with astonishment, and wanted to know what it all meant.

We tried to reassure him, however, by

telling him that we were on a cruise around the world, that this made it desirable for us to dispense with everything that was not absolutely necessary, and that we had to use every available place for coal. In addition, we treated him so generously with whiskey, that presently he gave up thinking at all. He did not seem to find this a very difficult thing to do. With an effort, he managed to ask us to do him a favor, which was that we should repair his motor boat for him, that he had not been able to use for the past half year. This we promised to do, and we kept our word.

We made the most of the time we spent in this quiet and remote harbor to put our ship in as good condition as possible, to give her a thorough cleaning, and especially to scrape the bottom, and give it a fresh coat of paint. The latter could, of course, be only imperfectly accomplished, and was

managed by letting water enough into one side of the ship to give it a slanting position. Men in small boats then cleaned and painted as much of the bottom as had been raised out of the water in this way.

While we lay in the harbor, we found diversion in a novel sort of hunting. Looking down from the deck one day, we saw two objects floating in the water close by the ship. At first sight we took them to be bundles of dirty rags that had been thrown overboard. Suddenly, however, we saw that the objects moved, and were silvery white on the under side. Upon closer inspection they turned out to be two enormous rays. I estimated their size to be from four to five square meters. They had great wide, shiny yellow mouths, which they opened to catch the small fish they were chasing.

Rifles were quickly brought out, and we

tried to get a shot at the creatures. To do this, we had to wait for the propitious moment when they raised their backs somewhat out of the water. One of our shots, fired at just the right moment, hit one of the fish squarely on the back. Tossing and splashing, it made a leap from twenty to thirty centimeters high out of the water, all the while flapping violently with its broad fins, causing a commotion in the water resembling that produced by the beating of the wings of a large bird.

Much to our disappointment, we failed to secure the fish however.

Naturally, some of the time we passed in the harbor was devoted to fishing. Everywhere out of the side windows dangled fish lines, and the efforts of the fishermen brought rich reward. The queerest specimens were pulled up. Fish of every color were there, — red, green, and blue ones;

broad fish, and narrow, pointed ones; some with eyes on their upper side, while others had them underneath, and still others were provided with long spines. They were all landed on deck, but were not allowed to be eaten until the ship's doctor had examined them and pronounced them fit for food, as we were aware that certain kinds of fish are poisonous.

We saw sea snakes also. But, to our regret, we failed to catch any. They were about two meters long, and light green in color. The creatures had a peculiar way of leaping upward out of the water, all the while whipping vigorously back and forth with their tails, assuming an almost vertical position as they moved rapidly along on the surface of the water.

This idyl of southern seas could, unfortunately, be of but short duration. Soon the "Emden" was on her way to



new fields of action. In the vicinity of Minikoi Island we captured a great many more prizes, for, by this time, shipping had ventured forth once more.

We were especially pleased that the British Admiralty again saw fit to send us a fine steamer of 7000 tonnage, carrying a cargo of the best Welsh coal. But, before long, no ships were to be seen in the neighborhood of Minikoi Island. Either all shipping was again being kept at home, or else a different course was being followed. It behooved us therefore to discover the route by which the steamers were now going.

First of all, we searched the water to the north of Minikoi Island. And behold, in the shortest possible time we came upon an English steamer, whose captain, when he was captured, exclaimed in great surprise: "Tell me, how did you learn of the

new and secret course laid out for merchantmen by the Admiralty?" That was hint enough for us, and we forthwith looked for more ships in this region. And we did well to do so.

As a result, we renewed our acquaintance with an English lady whom we had met before. I noticed at once how calmly she accepted her unusual situation. She went about the deck with great composure, distributing chocolate and cigarettes among our men. From her conversation it soon developed that she had grown quite accustomed to having her plans interrupted by the "Emden." First of all, while on her way from Hong Kong to Europe, the ship on which she was travelling had turned back while still in the Yellow Sea upon learning that the "Emden" was near. After that, the lady had spent several weeks idly waiting in Hong Kong. Then

she had managed to get as far as Singapore, from whence she had started out afresh, and again she had the experience of having her ship called back to the harbor from which she had sailed, because it was reported that the "Emden" was in the neighborhood. After a few more weeks of waiting, this time at Singapore, she had got as far as Colombo, and on her way out from there she had met the "Emden" after all. Her return trip to India was made on one of our junkmen.

To capture steamers at night was no easy task for the "Emden," and always made great demands on our men. We could never be sure whether or not it was a man-of-war we were approaching. Therefore, whenever we did not know, beyond a peradventure, that it was a merchantman, the men were summoned to their battle posts. Furthermore, we had to

reckon with the possibility that the English would protect their merchantmen by a convoy of war ships. In that case the latter would follow at a short distance behind the ships they were escorting, and, when the "Emden's" attention was fixed upon the steamer she was raiding, an unexpected attack would be made upon her.

On one occasion, we thought that we had surely run upon a man-of-war. The night was black. Ahead, and coming toward us, we saw a steamer that was showing lights, apparently a merchantman. The "Emden," with screened lights, of course, ran toward her on a course at an angle with her own. Just as we were about to turn on our lights, to give chase, we saw a large dark object close behind the steamer. We thought it might be a man-of-war travelling without lights. As we

could not make out what it was, we prepared for any event. So the order was: "Both engines at full speed, straight away! Torpedoes ready! And at her!"

Upon closer approach it developed that our fierce attack was being made upon nothing more dangerous than a heavy cloud of smoke that the steamer had just belched forth, and which, owing to the absence of wind, lay upon the water in the steamer's wake.

Unfortunately, we found it impossible to avoid running upon neutrals in this particular vicinity, and these, after an inspection, had to be allowed to proceed. Without a single exception they were Dutch ships.

However, our experience with them was happier than the one we had had with the "Loredano." Not once did we intercept a wireless message in which the Dutch

made any allusion to the "Emden." On the other hand, we ourselves could not hope to get any news of the war from these ships, as the Dutch government, in the endeavor to preserve a strict neutrality, had forbidden the transmission by wireless of any information with regard to the war. We caught up one message, sent by an English to a Dutch ship, asking for news of the war. The answer was: "We are not allowed to transmit war news of any kind."

Thus, within a comparatively small expanse of the sea, the "Emden" continued to do her part in the great war, constantly pursued by sixteen hostile war ships, and, of course, compelled to remain close to the usual steamship routes, as there only could we hope to secure any prizes.

That, in spite of this, we managed to elude our enemies, together with the fact

that the "Emden" appeared, like a will-o-the-wisp, first in one quarter, and then in another, gave rise to the assumption by the English papers of India, that there were a number of German raiders abroad, and that they all had adopted the name "Emden" as a ruse. Indeed, in course of time we ceased to be called the "Emden" at all, and were generally known as "the flying Dutchman."

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V

*OUR BAPTISM BY FIRE*

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## CHAPTER V

### *OUR BAPTISM BY FIRE*

AGAIN there was a total absence of merchantmen, and, as the "Emden" had just been put into good condition, some new and profitable service must be found for her. Her Commander had come to the conclusion that, besides Colombo and Singapore, the enemy must be using still another base for taking on coal and provisions, and for recuperation. The port which suggested itself as the one most likely to be serving this purpose was Penang. We had gathered from newspaper reports that the French armored cruisers, "Montcalm" and "Dupleix," frequently put into port there. To attack these or any other ships that might be lying in the harbor

was the task which our Commander now set himself.

On the night from the twenty-seventh to the twenty-eighth of October the "Emden" arrived at a point just outside of Penang, and was approaching the harbor at full speed. It was her Commander's intention to run in as soon as the day dawned. The narrow entrance to the harbor offered too many difficulties to make it advisable to attempt it by night. Moreover, it is in the early hours of the coming day that human weariness is most likely to assert itself, and so make the prospect of success by surprise more hopeful.

Aboard the "Emden" all hands were waked bright and early. The ship was cleared for action to the utmost, that is, everything was put in a state of absolute readiness for battle. A hot and hearty breakfast was served to the men. Clean

underclothing and fresh suits were put on, to lessen, in so far as possible, all danger of infection in case of wounds.

Without a light showing, nor a bit of smoke escaping, and with every man at his post, the "Emden" drew near to the enemy's port. It was just before sunrise. The night was dark. But in these southern latitudes the full light of day bursts suddenly upon the world with the rising of the sun. Here and there, in the darkness of the night, we passed a lone fishing boat lying near the entrance to the harbor, one or two of which we would have run down had it not been for the watchful eye of the officer on duty, who managed to steer clear of them.

Close to the entrance of the harbor we saw, to port of us, a bright white light that appeared and disappeared with lightning-like rapidity, remaining in sight only a

couple of seconds at a time. Beyond a doubt it was an electric light, and was therefore, apparently, some sort of outpost or sentinel vessel. We felt quite sure of this, although we did not catch sight of the ship itself. The fact that it was here indicated the presence of war ships in the harbor.

On the "Emden" the fourth funnel, which had done us good service on many a former occasion, had of course again been set up.

Just as our ship had reached the inner roadstead of Penang, the first darting rays of the coming day flashed into the sky. We had arrived at just the right moment. During the brief and quickly passing dusk of dawn we discovered a large number of ships lying in the harbor. Apparently they were all merchantmen. The closest scrutiny failed to reveal anything that looked like a man-of-war. We were just beginning to

think that this time we had made a mistake, when suddenly, in the midst of all the merchantmen that were showing lights, we saw a dark object on which there was not a light to be seen. It had every appearance of being a war ship. In a few minutes we had come close enough to see that, beyond doubt, it was some kind of war craft. Then suddenly, on this dark and suspicious looking object, there appeared three lights at equal distances from each other. Our first thought was: Those are the stern lights of three destroyers that are lying side by side.

But soon we realized that this could not be the case. The hull of the vessel that was now getting more and more distinctly visible was evidently too large to be that of a destroyer. Unfortunately, the ship in which we were so interested was lying in the current, which brought her stern

pointing toward us, and we could not, therefore, get a side view of her. Not until the "Emden" had approached to a distance of not more than two hundred meters, had passed by and taken a position to the one side of her, did we recognize the "Schemstchuk."

On board, peace and quiet reigned. All hands were sleeping strenuously. We crept so close up to her that even in the prevailing dusk of the early morning the Russian cruiser was easily recognized. Not an officer on duty, not a watch on the lookout, not a man of the signal service was to be seen. We sent our first torpedo whizzing over to her from our starboard broadside tube, while at the same time our broadside poured shells into the forepart of the "Schemtschuk," where the crew was sleeping. Our torpedo hit the enemy's cruiser aft. The jar which shook the ship as our

torpedo struck was plainly visible. There was a slight upward movement of the after part of the ship, — from about a quarter to a half meter high, — and then the stern slowly settled.

Now matters began to look lively on the Russian. The doors leading on to the deck from the officers' rooms were torn open. A large number of the officers came running out, but did not seem to have a very definite idea of where their battle stations were, for, without any further ado, most of them ran as far aft as the flagstaff, and then promptly jumped overboard. They were followed by a whole company of sailors, — evidently the sort of fellows who do not hesitate to go through thick and thin with their masters. Meanwhile our rapid gun fire, delivered at close range, was doing devastating work on the "Schemtschuk."



At a distance of four hundred meters, and very slowly, the "Emden" passed by the hostile cruiser from stern to bow, pouring broadsides into her all the while. Before many minutes had passed the fore part of the ship looked like a sieve. Smouldering fires were eating their way through the interior of the ship. Great holes in both sides of the hull made it possible to look clean through the ship. Clap upon clap the shells struck. When they hit, there was a bright, sharp flash. Then, for the space of a few seconds, fiery rings seemed to be rapidly circling around the spot where the shell had struck, until, almost immediately afterward, masses of black smoke from the interior burst forth through the great holes in the sides of the doomed ship. We did not see a man leave the fore part of the "Schemtschuk."

Meanwhile, the "Emden" was being

fired upon from three sides. Where the shots came from, we did not know. We could only hear the whistling of the shells, and see them fall on the merchantmen that lay on every side of us. The "Schemtschuk" now also took a hand in the game, and began to fire at us. As her guns were of greater caliber than our own, their shells, if they had struck the "Emden," would have proved disastrous to her. Even had our ship not been disabled, the damage sustained would in all probability have been sufficient to make it impossible for us to continue our present activity, as the "Emden" had no port of refuge where she could make repairs. Our Commander therefore gave orders to fire another torpedo.

In the meantime the "Emden" had passed beyond the "Schemtschuk," had turned hard about to port, and was passing

by her opponent for the second time. When the distance between the two ships had been reduced to four hundred meters, our second torpedo went flying over to the "Schemtschuk." It had grown so light in the meantime that we could plainly see the whirling course of the missile as it sped on its way. In a few seconds there was a terrible explosion on the Russian cruiser, in the vicinity of the pilot bridge. A great thick cloud of black smoke, mixed with grey, and shot through with white steam and spray, rose to a height of one hundred and fifty meters, or more. Loose parts of the ship went flying up into the air. We could see the cruiser break apart in the middle, while bow and stern dipped into the water at the same time. Then the cloud raised by the explosion hid everything from sight, and when, in about ten or fifteen seconds, it had cleared away, there

was nothing to be seen of the cruiser except the truck of the mast head protruding out of the water.

Quantities of debris, and many men swimming about in the water marked the spot where the ship had disappeared. It was not necessary that we, of the "Emden," should rescue the survivors of the "Schemtschuk," as there were numbers of fishing boats near, which immediately went to their assistance.

All shooting had ceased by this time. Our other two antagonists that, in addition to the "Schemtschuk," had fired upon us, had also discontinued their fire. Moreover, we did not know just where the shots had come from.

Suddenly, lying at anchor among the merchantmen, and half hidden from our view by them, we discovered the French gunboat "D'Iberville." It must have been

from her that some of the shots fired at us had come. Our Commander had just ordered the "Emden" to turn to port, and, passing by the wreck of the "Schemtschuk," to go to the attack of the "D'Iberville," when the lookout at the mast head reported a hostile destroyer running into the harbor from out at sea. This was an enemy it would not be safe for us to meet here in the narrow entrance to the harbor, as it would be quite impossible for us to execute any manœuvre by which we could avoid the torpedoes that would be fired at us. Our Commander decided therefore to run out toward the destroyer at the top notch of our speed, so as to meet her in the broader expanse of the outer harbor. We saw the ship very plainly as we approached each other. There was the high, pointed fore-castle with the low, wide funnel behind it, and a course at high speed directly toward

us,—the typical appearance of one of the large English destroyers.

At a distance of 4000 meters our first shot went whizzing over to her. All around her we could see high columns of water raised by the shells as they struck the sea. Hereupon, the vessel quickly turned hard about to starboard. It was then that we discovered that she was only an English government steamer of medium size. It was due to the refraction of the rays of light which is so common in tropical regions, and especially at sunrise, that the ship's outlines had been so distorted as to lend her the appearance of a destroyer. We ceased firing.

But again, just as we were about to turn and get after the "D'Iberville" for the second time, there came a report from the lookout announcing that another large ship had been sighted running into the

harbor. While we were still at a great distance from her, it was plainly to be seen that this time we were dealing with a merchantman. Our Commander determined first of all to make sure of this latest arrival. The "D'Iberville" could not get away. Our cutter was rushed down to the water. We gave the steamer the usual signal: "Stop! We are sending a boat." But hardly had our cutter arrived alongside the ship when again a war vessel of some kind was seen approaching through the entrance of the harbor. So the cutter was quickly recalled and hoisted aboard, and then we drove toward this latest comer.

The illusions due to refraction were most unusual on this morning. Every few minutes the outlines of the approaching ship seemed to change. At first she appeared to be a large black ship with funnels

fore and aft. Beyond a doubt, therefore, this must be a man-of-war. Then suddenly her dimensions shrank together. Half of the funnels we had seen, disappeared altogether, and she now looked like a merchantman, painted gray, and with black bands around the funnels. Only a few minutes later the vessel had changed her appearance again. She had grown smaller, was black, and had two funnels. From this we concluded that she must surely be a French torpedo boat destroyer. So, at her at once!

The "Emden" was not flying her flag at the time, nor was the ship that was approaching showing her colors. When about 6000 meters distant from us, she ran up the tri-color. A Frenchman, therefore! She was coming at us at right angles to our course, and apparently did not know just what to make of us. By



what the Frenchman's attitude was determined is a mystery to me. Our shots and the detonation of the bursting torpedoes must have been heard afar, and one would suppose that any cruiser leaving the harbor immediately afterward would have been viewed with suspicion, to say the least. Nevertheless, the ship kept on her course toward us. When we had reached the 4000 meter range for our shots, up went our battle flags. The "Emden" turned easily to port, presented her broadside to the enemy, and our first shot went humming over to her.

Now the Frenchman realized who we were. She turned hard about to port, put on all steam, and tried to run away from us. It was too late. The "Emden's" third salvo had lodged five shells astern in her opponent. A detonation followed, apparently an explosion of ammunition; then

a great cloud of black coal dust, mingled with white steam, shrouded the whole stern end of the fleeing ship. It must be conceded that, in spite of the hopelessness of their position, the Frenchmen set vigorously to work to defend their ship. They shot two torpedoes at the "Emden," and the forward guns of the destroyer opened fire upon us. The torpedoes failed of their mark, however, for the "Emden" maintained a distance beyond the range of a torpedo. They dropped into the water about 900 meters off from our starboard side. Nor did the Frenchman's guns continue their fire long, for soon they were silenced by the hail of shells we fired into the destroyer. Mast, funnel, forward tower, superstructure, ventilators, — everything on the Frenchman was shot away. In a few minutes more the ship had sunk. It was the French destroyer, "Mousquet."

The "Emden" now steered for the spot where her foe had disappeared in the sea. Both cutters were lowered for the purpose of picking up the survivors who had come to the surface of the water. They were floating about, clinging to drifting spars, or kept afloat by life-preservers, and were scattered along a considerable distance, — an evidence that some of the men must have jumped overboard at the very beginning of the engagement. The "Emden's" cutters were provided with dressing for wounds, in so far as this was possible, and carried the ship's doctors.

As our cutters approached the Frenchmen, who were swimming all about us, a strange thing happened. Instead of striving to reach our boats, they made every effort to get away from us. Yet the distance to the nearest shore was so great that the swimmers could not hope to

reach it through their own efforts. The reason why they sought to get away from our boats was not revealed to us until later. We picked up thirty-three Frenchmen, some of them wounded, and one wounded officer. Thanks to the precaution we had taken in sending doctors out with the cutters, two-thirds of the wounded arrived on board our ship resting in transport hammocks, with their wounds dressed, and their limbs in splints, where these were necessary.

In the meantime a second French torpedo boat was seen steaming out of the harbor and heading for us. For the "Emden" it was now high time to be gone. In all probability there were more French and English warships in the neighborhood. An encounter by daylight with a superior force of the enemy must be avoided by the "Emden," dependent, as she was, upon

herself alone. So we headed for the open sea, and kept a westward course at high speed. The French torpedo boat chaser followed us for a while, but ran into a squall of rain, in which she disappeared, and was not seen again. Thus our purpose to entice the Frenchman out to sea, and then turn and destroy her, came to nought.

Our French prisoners, both the wounded and the well, were comfortably provided for on the "Emden." All who were suffering from injuries found rest and care in the ship's hospital. For those who had escaped injury an ample and firmly constructed shelter house, built of boards and sail-cloth, was put up on the starboard side of the middle deck, near the engine skylight. In our crew were two sailors who spoke French fluently. These two men were now excused from all other duty, and acted as interpreters for the wounded in the

hospital, and for the other Frenchmen as well. Benches and tables for the use of our prisoners were quickly put together. The Frenchmen, most of whom had no suits on when they came aboard the "Emden," were not only willingly, but cheerfully provided with clothing by our men, although their own supply was getting very low. The prisoners received plenty to eat and to drink, and were provided with something to smoke. In their liberty of action they were as little constrained as possible.

When I asked some of the Frenchmen why they had swum away from our cutters that were out to rescue them, they replied: "The reports in our newspapers have always been that the Germans massacre all prisoners, and our officers confirmed these statements. We preferred drowning to being butchered."

When, in further conversation, we asked

why they had allowed the "Emden" to get away on the night we ran out of the harbor of Penang, their answer was that although they had seen the "Emden" very well, they had taken her to be the English cruiser "Yarmouth," and so had allowed her to go on her way undisturbed. It is most likely, therefore, that the white light we saw on the night at Penang was this French torpedo boat destroyer. The Frenchmen also told us that their commander had both his legs shot off by one of our shells; that he might have been saved, but refused, and, tying himself fast to the bridge, went down with his ship. He did not want to survive the shame of seeing some of his men jump overboard in an effort to save themselves at the very beginning of the fight. Hats off to such an officer!

Among the wounded were three whose

injuries were of so severe a nature that nothing could be done to save them. Of these, one died on the first evening after the fight, and the other two on the following day.

According to the custom among sailors, the body of the first one of these prisoners to die was sewed up in sail-cloth and weighted at the feet. It was then carried to the starboard deck aft, placed on a bier, and draped with the French war flag. A guard kept watch beside the bier throughout the night. The services for the dead took place on the following morning. At these ceremonies a company of the "Emden's" men, dressed in their parade suits, was present. All the unwounded Frenchmen also were allowed to participate. A guard of honor, carrying arms, and in command of an officer, was stationed at the bier. All the German officers, in



uniform and wearing their decorations of honor, were in attendance. Our Commander gave a brief address in French; in it he paid tribute to the dead as having given his life for his country, by which he had earned the honor and respect of friend and foe alike. The service ended with a prayer rendered in accord with the dead man's religious belief, and read from a Catholic prayer book. Wrapped in the French flag, the dead was then committed to the sea from the stern gangway ladder. The ship's engine was stopped for the occasion, and the guard of honor fired three volleys with due ceremony over the Frenchman's last resting place. The "Emden's" officers stood at salute beside the gangway ladder. Like solemn ceremonies took place on the following day when the other two Frenchmen, who had died, were consigned to their watery grave.

Within a few days our French prisoners were all transferred to an English steamer that was carrying a neutral cargo, the destruction of which would have been to no purpose. When they were told that they were going to be sent off, the two senior noncommissioned officers among them asked to be allowed to speak to the "Emden's" Commander. To him they expressed their gratitude, as well as that of their comrades, for the kind and humane treatment and comfortable shelter they had received aboard our ship. To this they added that they now knew that what their newspapers had said of the Germans was all lies, and that on their return to their native land they would do all in their power to make the truth known. The two officers expressed like sentiments to me.

Before leaving us, the French officer who was so seriously wounded asked for

an "Emden" cap band, saying that he wanted very much to have a memento of the ship whose officers and crew had treated a vanquished foe with so much chivalry, and the wounded with so much kindness.

Quantities of the "Emden's" surgeon's supplies were sent over to the steamer, to be used in dressing the wounds of the injured Frenchmen. The captain of the steamer was then directed on his way to Sabang, where he was advised to take the wounded, as the nearest hospital was to be found there. To our regret we learned from the newspapers, some time afterward, that the wounded officer had died there.

The English gave the most absurd account of this fight at Penang. They stated that only by flying the English flag had the "Emden" succeeded in getting into the harbor unrecognized, and further, that she had entered the harbor from the south,

and had left it by the north passage. These are all inventions, and are utterly false. In the first place, at no time did the "Emden" ever fly the English flag, nor would it have been to any purpose to have done so in this instance, for we ran into the harbor at night. Furthermore, the south entrance to Penang harbor is too shallow to allow the "Emden" to pass through it at any time.

The only words of the English report which I can confirm are those of commendation for our Commander, with which it concludes the description of the sinking of the "Mousquet," and the rescue of the survivors. The words are these: — "Here we have another instance of that chivalry which the 'Emden's' Commander has so often shown in his meteor-like career during this war. Every minute was of incalculable importance to him, as at any moment

other French torpedo boats might have come out to attack him. But, with no thought of the danger he was incurring, he stopped his ship and sent boats out to pick up the survivors of the 'Mousquet,' before proceeding on his way. As the saying goes, 'He played the game.'"

In addition, I wish to express my agreement with the following words of the report: "So ended the battle that will live in history as evidence that two ships of about equal fighting strength can engage each other at shortest range imaginable without the inevitable destruction of both. An incident such as that which occurred yesterday has been declared by most naval authorities to be impossible, or at least suicidal."

The man who made the report evidently had little acquaintance with men such as the "Emden's" Commander.

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VI  
*OUR DAILY BREAD*

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## CHAPTER VI

### *OUR DAILY BREAD*

How to provide our ship with coal was a question of vital importance to us. On our course from Tsingtao southward and into the Indian Ocean we were attended by our faithful companion, the coal tender "Markomannia." But her supply had nearly come to an end when we arrived in the Indian Ocean. There was no harbor to which we could go for coal. So we had to earn "our daily bread."

To be sure, we had been so fortunate as to capture, for our first prize, the coal steamer "Pontoporros," which had aboard several thousand tons of coal for us. But, as has been said, this coal was of so inferior a quality that it could be of use to us only in case of extreme need. We did burn the



"Pontoporros's" coal for a short time, but, whenever we did so, a tall, telltale column of black smoke rose above our ship; the fire kettles became clogged, and lost in capacity; the entire deck was always covered with a layer of fine bits of coal and cinders; through every crack and every window penetrated the smeary black coal dust. In short, every man of us longed for better fuel to burn. Our joy at capturing a cargo of several thousand tons of first-class Welsh coal was greater than if it had been a steamer laden with gold.

The "Emden" coaled very frequently. For the event of an engagement with the enemy it was necessary always to have a large quantity of coal on hand. At no time, therefore, could we allow our store of fuel to fall below a certain minimum. Consequently, the taking on of coal was as essential to us as was our daily bread.

For the crew, it was neither an easy nor a pleasant job, — this constant filling up with coal. The heat of the tropical climate was intense. This was most noticeable in the bunkers, where the coal had to be trimmed, and where the temperature often rose to a point that was almost unendurable. To be sure, while employed at coaling, the men wore hardly any clothing at all. Their “little coaling packs,” as they dubbed them, which consisted of an old and otherwise useless suit of clothes, fit only for the work of taking on coal, had suffered severely in the continuous use to which they had been put in this everlasting coaling. We could not afford to sacrifice any of the better suits of clothes to this dirty work. So the trousers that had originally been long ones soon became ragged below the knees, and were shortened to knee pants. After a while these were reduced to the

length of bathing trousers, and still later — but the less said of them in this stage of their existence, the better. Moreover, a thick coat of coal dust took the place of anything else that may have been lacking.

We had to coal at sea. Now, in the Indian Ocean there is always a rather heavy swell, by which ships are kept in constant motion. There were times, therefore, when we ran considerable risk in taking on coal.

To protect a ship when going alongside of another, fenders are used. They are either large mats, or balls made of cordage or of reedwork, and are placed so as to prevent the two ships from grinding, or being damaged by the impact. The fenders we carried with us were soon worn to shreds by the lively antics that the "Emden" and her coaling steamer usually carried on. It soon became evident, also, that they

were by no means large enough to insure protection during the strenuous business of coaling at sea. It behooved us, therefore, to get to work at making new ones.

Before we left Tsingtao I had taken the precaution to purchase one hundred and fifty hammocks. My original intention was to make use of them in case of leakage. Hammocks can be very effectively used, when a ship has suffered damage below the water line, by stuffing them into the leak, whereby the amount of water that forces its way in is lessened.

These hammocks now stood us in good stead. We constructed large and long fenders out of logs, from four to six meters in length, by covering them with a thick layer of hammocks. When needed, these fenders were hung along the sides of the ship. To be sure, they were always much the worse for wear when we were through

with the coaling, but before they were needed again, we could make new ones.

We had still another novel sort of fender, the like of which, I dare say, had never before been used. On one of the steamers we had captured, we found a large number of automobile tires. Everywhere along the sides of the ship we hung these elastic rings, and they made most excellent buffers.

The task of coaling at sea was necessarily a long and tedious process. Oftentimes the two ships that had been lashed together rolled badly. In that case, when the bags of coal on the coaling steamer had been hoisted up on the boom, the favorable moment had to be awaited when the two ships rolled against each other; then the braces were quickly eased, and the coal went plunging down somewhere on to the "Emden's" deck. It then behooved the

men to jump away from the coiling as nimbly as possible, and get out from under.

That the constant grinding of the ships against each other, and the continuous plunging of the heavy bags of coal down upon the "Emden's" deck resulted in all manner of damage to the ship, can be readily imagined. The "Emden" carried a gun in each one of her "swallow's nests" (side structures), fore and aft. Now, when the ships rolled against each other, the forward "swallow's nest" was always in imminent peril, and was on several occasions severely damaged. The chief sighting mechanism of a cannon is always placed on its left-hand side. Therefore, by coaling on the starboard side of the ship the possibility of damaging this chief sight was avoided. And indeed the auxiliary sighting mechanism, which is on the right-hand

side of the gun, was crushed in before many days of coaling had passed. The doors of the "swallow's nest" had given way on one occasion when the coaling steamer had lurched against the "Emden," and, being forced inward, had struck against the gun.

The bags of coal often caught in the railing. Ere long there was not an undamaged railing post on the entire starboard side. The linoleum deck also suffered greatly. Soon it was worn through. There were large holes in it, which laid bare the polished steel deck beneath. This, in itself, was of little consequence, but the places where the steel was exposed were so smooth that, especially at night, and when the ship rolled badly, the men often slipped on it, and fell. For this reason, as soon as we had finished coaling, men were set to work at roughening the steel surface wher-

ever it was exposed. To this end we used chisels, with which we cut narrow grooves into the steel, thereby giving the men a firmer hold for their feet. Somewhat later, after one of the English steamers had provided us with a large quantity of tar and some very strong sail-cloth, we covered the deck with this.

For the "Emden," as has been said, it was absolutely essential that she should be well provided with coal. For this reason we not only packed the bunkers to their full capacity, but stored quantities of coal on deck. Forward on the forecastle, in the middle near the engine skylight, and aft on the poop, great heaps of coal were piled. Naturally, this greatly interfered with the passage way from one part of the deck to another. Oftentimes, while moving about on deck, we had to wind our way in and out between piles of coal that rose to



a man's height. Occasionally, when the ship rolled heavily, the coal would slide, whereby the deck would be rendered impassable for a time.

Coal dust and dirt were everywhere. So long as there was any coal still stored somewhere on deck, the first duty of the morning, as soon as all hands were up, was to move some of this coal from the deck into the bunkers, to replace that which had been consumed during the last twenty-four hours. The wood of the deck suffered severely from this constant dragging of heavy sacks of coal over it. Deep black furrows were worn into it. There were oil spots to be seen everywhere. That the paint on every part of the ship grew dirty and grimy needs not to be mentioned. No one, seeing the "Emden" as she now looked, would have recognized in her the trim ship that, on account of an

always scrupulously correct appearance, was called the "Swan of the East."

Our antagonists have always held that coaling at sea is not feasible under any circumstances. In coming to this conclusion they probably gauged the difficulties of the undertaking by the capability of their own crews. We found that the enemy was always looking for us in every quiet bay and hidden nook that could suggest itself in connection with coaling, in the supposition that, sooner or later we would have to run into one of these places. Instead of doing so, however, we always coaled at sea.

Even yet I am amused as I recall the amazed and questioning expression on the face of the English captain of our prize, the "Buresk" (he had accepted service with us, as will be remembered) when one day, while there was a heavy sea running,

his ship received orders by signal, "Get ready to coal." He thought it was an impossibility, and that it would end in the destruction of both ships. Six or eight hours later, he had to admit that German seamen do not allow themselves to be hindered by swells, or heavy seas in the discharge of their duty.

At best, the transfer of coal always took a long time. Nevertheless, the "Emden" sometimes made a very good record at it. When the weather was unfavorable, we took over about forty tons an hour. But there were times when the weather favored us. On such occasions we averaged seventy tons an hour. Any one who has ever undertaken to coal at sea will appreciate that this is good work.

We coaled alternately from the "Buresk" and the "Exford." Even though the "Emden" by no means escaped injury from

the continuous rolling while taking on coal, nevertheless our greatest anxiety was always for the coaling steamers. We feared they might not be able to endure the strain, although they were both very recent products of English shipyards, and were on their maiden voyage. But they were so lightly constructed, and so poorly built that they never got through without receiving great dents in their sides. Poor stuff, they were!

The times when the "Emden" had one of her coal tenders alongside were always hours of danger for us, for the ship could not be in a state of readiness for action at such times. We knew full well that death was lurking at every hand. At any moment an enemy might appear on the horizon and come to attack us. Then there would be much for us to do before we could be ready to meet our foe. While we were

coaling, it was absolutely necessary to protect the guns by a close covering. Some of them had to be run in, for while projecting beyond the sides of the ship they were in danger of being damaged. It was highly advisable for us, therefore, to coal as speedily as possible. The men realized this fully, and always did their utmost.

On the other hand, everything was done to make this necessarily strenuous labor as light as possible. At such times the steward always prepared an abundance of lemonade, which was poured into great half-tubs and set in readiness in the forward part of the ship. This drink was made more refreshing by the addition of ice. Cans and cans full of the cold lemonade were passed to the men who were at work. The ship's band played lively airs the while, to cheer them. A large slate was set up somewhere near

the middle of the ship, where it could be easily seen by every one, and on it the progress made in coaling was recorded. At the end of every quarter of an hour the number of tons taken aboard appeared on the slate in large figures written with white chalk. The amount accomplished by each watch was scored separately. The men of one watch were eager not to allow themselves to be outdone by the others. With great interest, therefore, every higher record made by the one group was noted by the men of the other, and when their turn came, strenuous efforts were made to surpass it.

Aloft in the tops sat the lookouts, provided with glasses, and faithfully searched the horizon with keen eyes for the least indication of a suspicious looking mast head, or speck of smoke.

When the transfer of coal had progressed

far enough to allow the coal tender to pull off, there was still much to be done aboard the "Emden." First of all, the coal on the deck had to be piled into place; when so much was done, at least the greater part of the dirt had to be removed from our sleeping places. Then the men had to wash, get under the shower baths, and put on clean clothes. After that came supper, and then, — to sleep in the hammocks. Often enough, however, the weary men had scarcely got to rest when a steamer would appear in sight, and they would be summoned to renewed exertion. It would then be hours before they could get to rest.

Truly, the life we led was not one of ease! But the thought that it might be otherwise never suggested itself to any one of us. On one occasion, on a night when the men had gone to rest after they had been strenuously at work for ten hours, our

Commander, at my suggestion, allowed a steamer to pass unmolested, because I told him that the men appeared to have reached the limit of their strength. When, on the following morning, the men learned of this, a murmur of disapproval arose among them. "We could have finished that one too," they growled.





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VII

*DISTRESS OF THE NIBELUNGS*

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## CHAPTER VII

### *DISTRESS OF THE NIBELUNGS*

UPON leaving Penang our Commander decided to run farther to the south for a while. It was to be expected that all shipping would be kept out of the Bay of Bengal for some time. Had not the "Emden" given indisputable evidence of her presence in these waters by the destruction of the "Schemtschuk" and the "Mousquet"? In all likelihood the search for the "Emden" in the Bay of Bengal would be more vigorously pushed now than ever before. On the other hand, the waters in the vicinity of Sunda Strait offered a more promising prospect as a hunting ground for the enemy's merchantmen. Ships of commerce coming from Australia hardly get into the Bay of Bengal at all, but

strike a course from Sunda Strait, or from West Australia directly across the ocean to Socotra, and thence into the Red Sea.

The first thing for us to do now was to look up our coaling steamer "Buresk," which had been dismissed just before we got into Penang harbor. With a speed limit of barely eleven miles, the tender was not a desirable companion during an engagement.

Without delay we found the "Buresk" at the appointed place. The account of our successful exploit was received aboard the "Buresk" with great enthusiasm. The two ships now proceeded southward at their usual speed of eleven miles. Soon the Dutch islands lying along the west coast of Sumatra came in sight. As merchant ships usually follow a route that takes them between these islands and the main coast of Sumatra, our Commander

chose the narrow water ways of this region for his next sphere of action. Moreover, as the water is much more quiet between these islands than it is out at sea, it would be much easier to coal there. Furthermore, it was our opinion that these quiet waters were most likely to be frequented by Japanese and English torpedo boat destroyers. It was not improbable, therefore, that we might catch one or two of them there.

While we were in the vicinity of the island of Sima-loer it was again time for the "Emden" to take on coal. The sea was very smooth, and so the task was quickly accomplished. Our ship lay at a distance of about eight nautical miles off shore, and quite beyond the limits of neutral waters therefore.

Nevertheless, after a little while, a fishing boat propelled by motor was seen coming

toward us. The Dutch flag was flying at her mast head. She brought a Dutch official, who came aboard the "Emden," and introduced himself as the commandant of the island, and asked if we were not within the limit of territorial waters. If this was the case, he must request us to go farther out to sea, he said.

Whether this was the real purpose of his coming, or whether he merely wished to have a little chat with us, I cannot say. A mere glance at the distance must have told him that we were considerably more than three nautical miles away from the shore. He remained with us for a while, and was invited into the presence of our Commander.

From this Dutch official we learned that Portugal had declared war against Germany. This afforded us considerable merriment. We always enjoyed a joke.

At the very beginning of our acquaintance I had unintentionally offended the commandant of the island. As he came alongside in his boat, I mistook him for a fisherman, and asked if he had any fish to sell. To this he replied by an indignant negative. However, this little misunderstanding did not affect our further acquaintance, and he seemed to feel very much at home in our mess.

For a while, the "Emden" continued to cruise about in the vicinity of Sunda Strait. But not a ship came in sight. Evidently all traffic in this region had been discontinued. Ordinarily there is a great deal coming and going through Sunda Strait.

It had now been fully two months that our ship had been beating about in the midst of her many foes. As has already been said, every man aboard the "Emden" was fully aware that she could not continue



her activity indefinitely, and that sooner or later she must meet disaster. Conditions were steadily growing less favorable for us. When we first entered the Bay of Bengal we could count with certainty upon the circumstance that our enemies were not anticipating anything so audacious. For a while, therefore, we had little to fear from war ships, as there were hardly any in the Indian Ocean. Most of them were probably in the Pacific, engaged in the pursuit of our armored cruisers. Soon, however, we learned from newspaper reports, and other sources of information, that a considerable number of war ships, superior to our own, were searching for us. Much of this information we got from the crews of the prizes we took.

We naturally supposed that England would follow her usual tactics of misrepresentation, and that therefore the people of

India would be utterly deceived with regard to the true state of affairs. And so it was, for at first all the English-speaking Hindoos taken from the captured steamers had but one story to tell, — continuous German defeats. Later, however, there was a change of tone. One native of India, with whom we talked toward the end of September, said that English newspapers declared that Germany was defeated. Now, however, many newspapers of India pictured conditions very differently. But these papers were suppressed by the English, he said. Nevertheless, most of the men of India felt convinced that matters were not proceeding as favorably for the English as they would have the world believe. It was his opinion, moreover, that “England by and by finished.”

Another Hindoo related a peculiar incident. He told us that two English cruisers,

having each two masts and two funnels, had for some time been held in the harbor of Colombo. While one of the two cruisers was doing guard duty out at sea, the other one remained in the harbor. At stated intervals the ships relieved each other, the one in the harbor going out to take the place of the one at sea. One day the cruiser that had been out at sea returned with only one funnel and one mast, badly battered up by shells, and with many wounded on board. From that day forth the second cruiser was not seen again. This may have been one of the many times when the "Emden" was destroyed.

A Chinaman coming from Hong Kong related that two Japanese cruisers, badly damaged and with many wounded on board, had run into Hong Kong one day.

The "Emden" had no share in this

fight, nor, as we now know, did any of the other ships of the German squadron take part in it.

All things considered, there was every reason to believe that the "Emden" was being vigorously pursued. The day when her career must come to an end could not, therefore, be far distant. The men aboard her did not allow this prospect to dampen their spirits, however. When the fateful moment had arrived, the enemy should be made to realize that in the "Emden" he had met a worthy foe.

As not a ship made its appearance in the Sunda Strait, our Commander decided to find employment in destroying the wireless and cable station on Keeling Island. Telegraphic communication between Australia and the motherland had already suffered considerably at the hands of the other ships of our squadron. The station

at Keeling afforded the last opportunity for direct communication between Australia and England. Should this also be disabled, the only remaining connections would be by means of the neutral Dutch cables, via the East Indies. We naturally assumed, therefore, that the English had taken every precaution to defend this, the last station remaining to them. It would have been an easy matter for them to station a hundred men at Keeling for its defence, and so render futile any attack by a landing squad from the "Emden."

In that case there would be nothing that the "Emden" could do but to shell the station, and inflict as much damage as possible in this way. It would not amount to much, however. The cables, in particular, would remain intact, and for all the smaller necessary apparatus on shore there were probably duplicate parts in reserve,

by the use of which the station could be put into running order only a few hours after the bombardment had ceased. The English had reason to believe also that if the island was effectively garrisoned, the "Emden" would refrain altogether from shelling the station. It would be the part of wisdom for the "Emden's" Commander to be sparing of his ammunition, and it was not at all probable that he would use it for the purpose of temporarily crippling the telegraph service.

As there was sufficient reason, therefore, to expect a vigorous defence of the island, all necessary measures were taken to render the proposed landing expedition as effective as possible. The four machine guns which the "Emden" carried were taken along. A squad of fifty men was mustered. In addition to the machine guns the men took with them twenty-nine rifles and twenty-

four revolvers. More than fifty men could not be spared from the "Emden" for landing purposes. Her crew was too small. Our three prizes, the "Pontoporros," "Exford," and "Buresk" had all been manned from the "Emden's" crew, besides which a few of our men had been needed on the "Markomannia."

On the night from the eighth to the ninth of November, 1914, the "Emden" and her tender, the "Buresk," lay fifty nautical miles to the west of Keeling. The coal tender "Exford" had been sent to a given point of meeting farther out at sea. It was quite possible that we would find some English cruisers lying at anchor in Keeling harbor. In that case the "Buresk" would, most likely, be discovered and captured, while the "Emden," in the hope of being able to continue her activity for a while longer, would seek to avoid the

encounter with a greatly superior foe. She could then find her other coaling steamer somewhere out of sight of the enemy.

That night the "Buresk" received orders to remain at a certain point, fifty nautical miles to westward of the island, and not to proceed to Keeling until ordered by wireless to do so. After accomplishing the destruction of the station, our Commander intended, if everything went smoothly, to coal in Keeling harbor.

At sunrise, on the morning of the ninth day of November, the "Emden" lay just outside the entrance to Port Refuge, the anchorage for Keeling Island. The way into the harbor was a rather difficult one, as it led in and out among the reefs; but we found it, and the "Emden" dropped anchor. The landing squad was ready and waiting. The men got into the boats at once, and put off for the shore at just half-



past six in the morning. They landed without encountering resistance of any kind.

In two hours the work on shore was done. The landing squad was just about to reëmbark when the "Emden" signalled by searchlight: "Hurry your work." Almost immediately after the signal had been given, the "Emden" sounded her siren. This meant danger. Our men of the landing squad saw the "Emden" suddenly weigh anchor, turn, and run out of the harbor. The attempt made by our boats to overtake their ship by striking the shortest course toward her, although it led directly across the reef, proved of no avail. Soon afterward the "Emden" ran up her battle flags, and opened fire upon an enemy not visible to the men in the boats. Great water spouts, caused by the plunging of shells into the sea close to

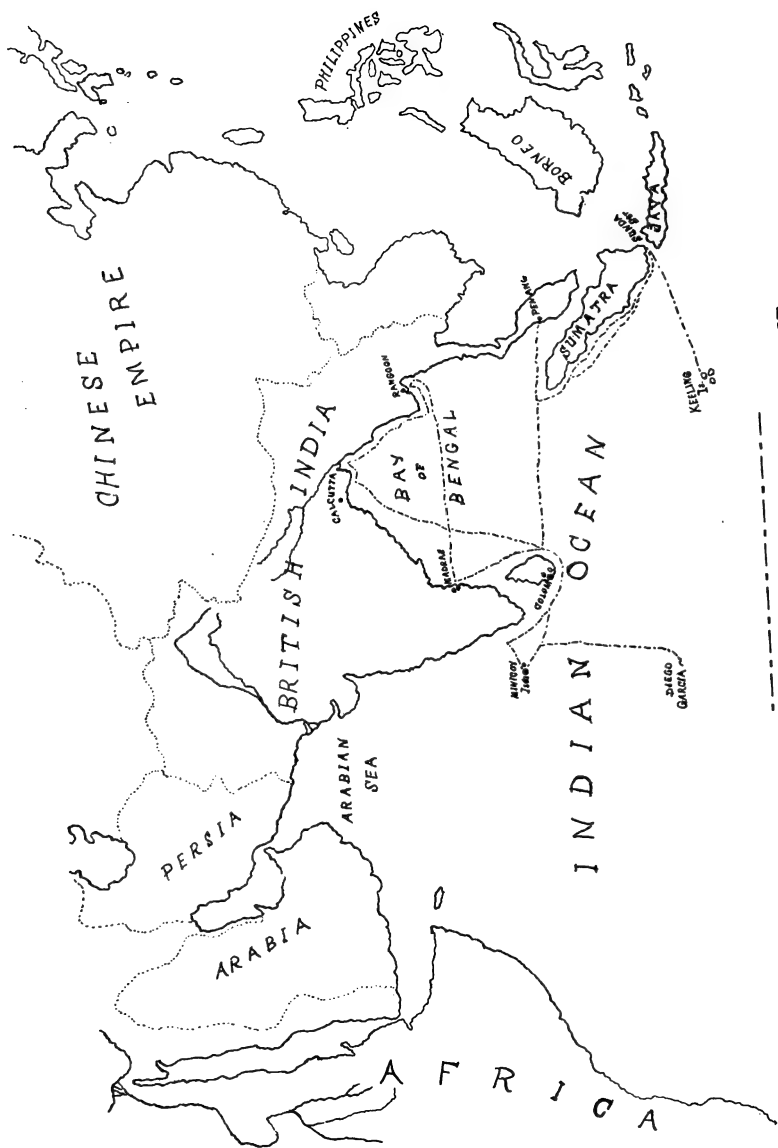
the "Emden," gave unmistakable evidence that an enemy, though unseen, was near.

Ashore on Keeling Island, and unable to do the least thing to help their ship and their comrades, our men of the landing squad beheld with bitterness the unequal fight that now ensued.

The "Emden's" antagonist was the Anglo-Australian cruiser "Sidney." She was half again as large as the "Emden," built five years later, was her superior in speed, protected by side armor, which the "Emden" was not, was equipped with guns that, although in number no more to the broadside than the "Emden" carried, were of a caliber that was one and a half times as great, — conditions under which there could be but one outcome of the battle. For the "Emden" the hour of destiny had struck.

Soon the two ships were engaged in a

running fight, all the while keeping at a distance of from four to five thousand meters from each other. From ship to ship sped the iron missiles in full broadsides. At the outset it appeared that the enemy was suffering considerably. The "Emden's" first salvos found their mark forward in the hostile cruiser. The marksmanship of the English was not much to boast of. For a time, not a telling shot had struck the "Emden," although our gunners had given a good account of themselves. But after a while, a well-placed salvo struck aft on the "Emden." The havoc that the "Sidney's" shells of great caliber wrought on our unarmored cruiser was tremendous. A great blaze started up under the poop. For a quarter of an hour the flames leaped upward to a height of from twenty to twenty-five meters. The cloud of dense grey smoke that rose



THIS LINE MARKS THE EMDEN'S COURSE



from the ship was mingled with white steam, an indication that the steam pipes on the starboard side of the ship had been damaged. Undaunted by the severe injury that she had suffered, the "Emden" now squarely faced her assailant. Putting her helm hard about, she turned upon her enemy and took up the battle.

Unintermittently the forward guns of our ship poured forth their shells. A few minutes after the "Emden" had turned upon her foe, the hostile cruiser also turned to starboard, and ran away from our ship. As in the meantime we on shore had observed that several of the "Emden's" shots had hit their mark, there arose within us a faint hope that the enemy might in some way have received a fatal blow. Evidently this was not the case, however. Although the "Sidney" ran off at high speed, she soon turned about. Un-

doubtedly the purpose of this manœuvre was simply to increase her fighting distance from the "Emden," in order to take advantage of the greater caliber of her guns, and at the same time to put herself beyond the reach of the "Emden's" less powerful guns.

Meanwhile the "Emden" had suffered still further serious damage. While turning about to make a dash at her foe, a shell tore away her forward funnel. Like a huge block it lay across the forward part of the ship. Almost at the same instant another telling shot carried off the foremast, and swept it overboard. When my eyes beheld this, I knew that at least one of my comrades had lost his life, — the officer doing observation duty up in the top of the foremast.

And still the fire continued to rage on board the "Emden," although it began

to show signs of abating. It became more of a smouldering fire, and the flames gave way to a thick cloud of smoke and fumes, apparently the result of efforts to quench the fire. In a running fight, keeping side by side, and firing incessantly with full salvos upon each other, the two contending ships disappeared beyond the horizon.

The fight had begun at half-past eight in the morning. The landing squad from the "Emden," was now getting the "Ayesha," an old schooner that they had found lying at anchor in the harbor, ready to put to sea. In case the "Emden" did not return, the men intended to leave the island on this little schooner. During the course of the day the "Emden," still fighting, came into view a number of times, but always so far distant that she could not be recognized. At intervals the "Sidney's" great cloud of black smoke,



due to the Australian coal that she was burning, came in sight. From this, the men of the landing squad knew that the fight was still in progress.

Toward evening, just before darkness set in, the ships came in sight again. They were both still firing. The last that the landing squad saw of the fight was the "Emden" slowly steering an easterly course just before sunset. The ship was almost entirely below the horizon. Only the one funnel still left her, and the top of the highest mast were visible; this was just enough to indicate to us the speed at which she was moving, and the direction in which she was going. The visible distance from Keeling to the horizon is about eight or ten nautical miles. It is clear, therefore, that shortly before sunset the "Emden" was still afloat, and not more than eight or ten nautical miles distant from South

Keeling. The "Sidney" was somewhat nearer to the island. Her masts, funnels, superstructure, and upper deck could all be seen. Both ships were still firing, although the "Emden's" fire was intermittent and not strong. Either her ammunition, upon which the bombardment of Madras and the fight at Penang had made heavy demands, was giving out, or else the majority of her guns had been silenced.

At sunset the "Sidney" ceased firing, and was seen coming back on a north-westerly course. The "Emden" was steering toward the east.

Gradually the distance between the ships grew greater and greater, until at last they were beyond the reach of each other's guns. The fight was over.

The sun set. Darkness fell. Like a black shroud the night settled down upon both ships.

On shore the landing squad was getting ready to leave Keeling on the "Ayesha," and go in search of the "Emden."

And so, for nearly ten hours, our ship had maintained an unequal fight against a greatly superior enemy. How great is the advantage of superiority in armor, speed, and caliber can, generally speaking, be appreciated only by those who are familiar with naval affairs.

On land an inferior force, strategically disposed, and taking advantage of local conditions, well ensconced and protected by wire entanglements, with masked batteries and machine guns, can no doubt hold a decidedly superior attacking force at bay for some time, and under most favorable conditions may even prevent the latter from accomplishing its purpose,—for instance, from breaking a way through. Under such circumstances the assailants, even when

greatly superior in numbers, cannot gain any special advantage. Superiority in fighting strength is offset by the favorable lay of the land, of which the weaker force can take advantage.

Not so at sea. There is no shelter to be found there. Granted that there is equality of personnel, the battle is decided by the size of the caliber, the quality of the armor, and the degree of speed possible.

When these factors are taken into consideration, the "Emden" did marvelously well. Unarmored, less speedy, considerably smaller, and carrying much less heavy guns than did her armored antagonist, she maintained the battle for nearly half a day, until darkness put an end to it.

The men of the landing squad, now aboard the "Ayesha," saw nothing more of the "Emden," although they looked for her all through the night. Not until three weeks

later, when they arrived at Padang, did they learn what had been the fate of their ship.

The tale is told. The "Emden" is no more. On the rocky reefs of North Keeling she found a grave. But as long as the Monsoon sighs among the tops of the tall pines on the lonely little island in the distant Indian Ocean, and, mingling its voice with the murmur of the shining white surf that breaks on the shore, chants a dirge for the "Emden," so long shall live, in song and story, the Flying Dutchman, the brave little German ship that for months was the terror of her enemies, in 1914, during the great war of the nations, in the mighty struggle for the freedom of the seas.

Ship without harbor, knowing no ease,  
"Emden," flying over the seas —  
German laurel is wound round thy mast,  
Curses of England are chasing thee fast;

Ship after ship thou sinkest alone,  
And the sea, the sea, the sea is thine own.

Ship without harbor, knowing no ease,  
Glorious "Emden," pride of the seas —  
Thou hast succumbed to an enemy's blow?  
Destroyed by flames — the work of the foe?  
Thou hast been sunk in the depth of the sea?  
Thou — thou art dead? Nay, that never can  
be!

Ship without harbor, knowing no ease,  
Unforgettable queen of the seas!  
"Emden," thou never, never canst die:  
Over the seas thy shadow will fly,  
Ever to make the enemy quail,  
Ever in German hearts to sail!

MARIA WEINAND

English version by Margarete Münsterberg. Poem by Maria Weinand.









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